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SIXPENCE.

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FOES IN FRIENDSHIP: THE OPPOSING LEADERS OF THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES, FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD AND GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOERKOEK,

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

When Mr. Chamberlain went to South Africa in a cruiser, a pale-green evening print was shocked by such Imperial truculence, and now the same organ of meekness rebukes Sir Norman Lockyer for likening Universities to battle-ships. He told the British Association that in these days of trade competition the higher education was as essential to the national defence as the Navy, and a University as formidable a weapon as a battle-ship, but more enduring. This is very distressing to the philosophy which regards international commerce as the beautiful practice of the arts of peace, to which warlike metaphors are wholly unbecoming. When Sir Robert Peel said he would "fight Protective tariffs with free imports," I suppose he was severely reproved by some champion of universal brotherhood, who pointed out that "fight" was an evil word, quite unsuited to the spirit of Free Trade. If the pale-green evening print had flourished at that time it would have protested against the introduction of military expressions into the serene atmosphere of exchange and barter.

And yet it is a melancholy fact that, in the experience of mankind, trade has not mitigated the aggressiveness of human nature. The monopolist still prowls about the world, seeking whom he may devour. Ingenious schemes are constructed to crush the competition, not of individual traders alone, but of nations. The resources of science are employed more and more in the pursuit of commercial advantage. We had an excellent trade in aniline dyes, and it has been taken from us by the superior chemistry of the Germans. Sir Norman Lockyer seems to have exaggerated the German profit on this transaction, and is twitted about his figures by the pale-green evening print, which ignores the fact that we have lost the particular trade. It would have been so nice and kind of the Germans to have said, "These poor British rivals of ours do not know how to turn chemistry to account, so we will give them a brotherly hint instead of profiting by their ignorance." That is not the German way, nor anybody's way in this imperfect world; but I suppose it is the ideal of the writer who lately remarked with pain that German education is lacking in "ethical" value. I fear the German chemists would retort that ethics have nothing to do with aniline dyes, and that if we do not choose to organise our commercial training on a scientific basis, we have no right to lecture competitors who are more methodical and modern. That is the point of Sir Norman Lockyer's exposition, and to dismiss it as if it were an invitation to wicked strife in a sphere of perfect love and trust indicates a strange conception of national policy.

The disappearance of a medical gentlewoman (somehow I prefer that phrase to "lady doctor") has prompted an enterprising editor to start a game of hide-and-seek. A lady who is a member of his staff (observe how neatly I escape that detestable phrase "lady journalist") has consented to disappear in London; and anybody who finds her will be rewarded with a hundred pounds. There is a portrait of her in the paper; and the first impression it will give you is that it bears a striking resemblance to quite a considerable number of ladies. That is a pleasant little trick of newspaper portraits; but in the present instance it may lead to confusion, and even to assault and battery. Suppose I perceive a lady in the street looking remarkably like the portrait, and address her in my most chivalrous manner, "Miss Watson, I presume?" And suppose she says, "Sir, how dare you!" and at that moment her papa, or big brother, or able-bodied sweetheart comes along, and fells the audacious stranger to the earth? I may stagger to my feet with a black eye or a front tooth displaced, and with profuse apologies explain that I am lawfully engaged in the search for Miss Watson and a hundred pounds; but do you think the able-bodied squire of dames will listen to reason?

The disappearing journalist, I understand, has eyes of "hazel green," a small hand, and a neat foot. Now, a searcher with a sly, insinuating grace—which, alas! I do not possess—finding himself beside the image of the portrait in an omnibus, may remark in a melting tone, "Would I were a glove upon that hand! Surely you wear the smallest size that is made. And that boot! 'Her feet beneath her petticoat, Like little mice stole in and out,' as though they feared to reveal that you are—" Here the lady will look at him in some surprise, and he will add with a smirk, "I thought so. Eyes of hazel green—you are Miss Watson!" Of course, she is not; there are so many ladies with eyes of that colour, and gloves and boots that would be too small for Titania; and this damsel in the omnibus will retort with perfect self-possession, "If you say another word, I shall stop the omnibus and call a policeman." And the conductor will probably chime in with, "Hope your purse is all right, Miss!" Rather a trying situation for a searcher, however nonchalant! Why not disguise oneself as

a minstrel, and sing in some thoroughfare where ladies go shopping?—

Shopman, tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?
Her sunny eye is hazel green,
But she wears a prim *pince-nez*.
Her dainty shoe is Number Two,
Her glove no size at all—
Creation, if you search it thro',
Can yield no hand so small!

A passing form gives a self-conscious start, and in an instant you thrust out your hat and cry, "Copper, please, Miss Watson, or a hundred pounds!"

But she is a journalist, and not likely to be taken in by such crude flattery. You had better try an intellectual plan. You are in the "Tube" with a friend, and catch sight of a likely face. "Depend upon it, my dear fellow," you remark to the friend, "Miss Watson will not be found. Her very name makes that impossible." "What do you mean?" he asks. "Why, she must be the sister of Dr. Watson, who shared the confidence of Sherlock Holmes in most of his adventures. So mystery, you see, is in her family, and unless you put Holmes himself on the scent, you may search till Doomsday." If the likely face should light up with an appreciative smile, you may feel that the prize is won. But suppose the lady should falsify all the published marks of personal description, save the eyes; exchange her *pince-nez* for motor-goggles, wear gloves and boots much too large for her? Zeal for mystification may carry her so far that she will forget what manner of woman she was, and many years hence an aged dame will send for the curate of some East-End parish, and say to him: "You have been very kind to me. I am going to leave you a hundred pounds. Yes, the truth must be told now. I'm Miss Watson!" There is a better solution. I hope to be discreetly tapped on the arm with the end of an umbrella in a few weeks' time by a lady, who will say: "You know my editor. Please find me. I'm so tired of not being found. My name is Watson!"

There is a dreadful rumour that crinoline is coming in again; but there may be nothing more in it than in the confession of the humorist who says he has been letting rattlesnakes loose in Ireland, in order to test the authority of St. Patrick's celebrated sermon, which "bothered all the varmint." I have known Irishmen who did not believe entirely in their patron saint as a snake-charmer. There was Sir Patrick O'Brien, for instance, who described another Irish member in the House of Commons as "the young sea-serpent from County Clare." As for crinoline, I see that a cynic in Paris declares that its return is inevitable, because it is ugly. This perfidious wretch will get his deserts from the journals which are conducted by ladies. The full-blown crinoline may return with the pork-pie hat and ostrich-feather, which accompany it in Leech's pictures. I commend this costume, by the way, to Miss Watson, in case she should say to herself after many days, "This game has gone on quite long enough, and if I don't catch the public eye I shall scream!"

How long an idea takes to travel! There are stars, it is said, so remote that their light has not yet reached our planet. Ideas are quicker travellers than that, I admit. It is two months or so since the dispute about Mr. Carnegie's benefaction to Stratford-on-Avon reminded me of Mr. Henry James's story of the custodian of The Birthplace, who had horrid misgivings about the traditions it was his duty to expound to American pilgrims. Since then it has been disclosed that the late Mr. Joseph Skipsey, who resigned the post of custodian in Shakspeare's house ten years ago, did so out of conscientious scruple. So a weekly journal of literature has discovered the strange coincidence of Mr. James's story, and a pink evening paper commends the acuteness of the weekly journal. It seems that Mr. Skipsey brooded over Shakspeare's relics, especially his pipe and his desk, until their total lack of authenticity drove the custodian into retirement. Even The Birthplace itself struck him as a simulacrum, and the legends which were bound up with his professional duty grew into an intolerable burden upon his soul.

Does Mr. Sidney Lee stand by the pipe? I find nothing about it in his pamphlet on the Henley Street controversy. If Shakspeare smoked, why is tobacco not introduced into the revels which offended Malvolio? The deadliest insult Sir Toby could have offered him would have been to blow a cloud in his face. Some of the American pilgrims may have suggested to Mr. Skipsey that "The Tempest" was written on strong tobacco from Virginia, and that a pipe was Prospero's wand. When the custodian heard that, he must have thought it was high time to resign, but kept the cause to himself for fear of endangering peace between England and America. Perhaps Mr. Carnegie will present a relic to The Birthplace in the shape of the article which is known in his country as a cuspidor. It might be fashioned of silver from Nevada, and stamped with the American Eagle, and the modest inscription, "From A. C., to the Memory of W. S."

BURROWING ANIMALS.

"Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so fast?"—HAMLET.

The latest exhibit at the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington affords an interesting demonstration of certain resemblances among the burrowing mammalia brought about by the fossorial or digging habit. Such resemblances are the cylindrical shape of the body, the shortening of the neck, the elongation of the head and the conical shape of the skull, the shortness of the limbs and tail, the smallness of the eye, and the reduction of the external ear, although the sense of hearing is acute. The claws are strong and the terminal phalanges are longer than usual, but the other parts of the hard skeleton are short and stout. The body is in most cases clothed in a soft thick fur, the hairs of which are iridescent; but in *Heterocephalus*, the Naked Sand-Rat, a rodent of South Africa, the body is almost hairless.

The family of the moles (*Talpidae*) is entirely confined to the Northern Hemisphere, where it is widely distributed over the temperate regions. It ranges from England in the west, through Asia north of the Himalayas to Japan; but, like its near relative the common shrew, is unknown in Ireland. The moles all have the forepaws naked and of enormous width and strength. There are no external ear-conches, and the tiny useless eyes are hidden deeply in the fur, which is short and velvety, preventing the adherence of any fragment of the soil through which the creature burrows. We need not go at length into the question of the farmer's bellicose attitude to the moles, as there is much to be said on both sides. Moles have the habit of feeding at regular hours during the day, and may be found at work at eight, twelve, and four o'clock. The dwelling-place is composed of a central chamber with passages leading to two circular galleries placed one above another, the upper of which has a smaller diameter than the lower one. Several runs diverge from the larger and lower gallery, one of which, called the main run, is larger than the others, and leads to the various burrows driven for food-procuring purposes. Their strength, and the distance they can travel underground in a given time, are almost incredible, and to perform equivalent work a man would have to tunnel thirty-seven miles in a single night.

The Star-nosed Mole forms one of the three genera of North American moles, and obtains its name through the curious ring of soft riband-like appendages round the nostrils at the end of the muzzle. It seems likely that this disc of tentacles acts as a sensitive organ of touch, helping its owner to find the worms and insects it searches for in its subterranean wanderings. In the young these tentacles are hardly perceptible. During late autumn, when the ground becomes frozen at the surface, the Star-nosed Mole follows the worms downwards till it reaches a level to which the frost has not penetrated. The tail in this instance is much longer than in most burrowing animals. The Pouched or Marsupial Mole (not a true mole at all) is covered with long, silky, fawn-coloured hair. It is found in the deserts of the north of South Australia, inhabiting flats and hills of red sand. It is difficult to catch, except after rain, which sets the surface of the sand and makes it retain the tracks, which in dry weather become obliterated as fast as they are made. Similar-looking creatures of a widely different group are the Golden Moles, entirely confined to South Africa. They have shorter and thicker bodies than the common mole, but the whole form is well adapted for tunnelling, and the two central toes of the fore-feet are furnished with enormous triangular claws. The nearest relatives of the Golden Moles are the Tenrecs, which belong to a much lower type of organisation than the true moles. They are only found in Madagascar and some neighbouring islands, a region peculiarly rich in old-world types. Nocturnal in its habits, tailless and bristly with spines and hairs, the Tenrec lives among the ferns and bushes of the mountains. All through the cool season of the year, from May or June to December, it hibernates, burrowing deep holes in the ground, and, being fat in readiness for such a long rest, is eaten by the natives at this period.

In the sandy deserts of Somaliland is found the small rodent (*v.* in our illustration) called the Naked Sand-Rat, an uncanny-looking creature not much larger than a mouse, with somewhat the appearance of a newly born puppy. It has a yellowish skin, small eyes, is almost destitute of hair, and in habit entirely subterranean. The Armadillo, in spite of its protective shield, lives in burrows, where the young are born in winter or spring. It is not entirely insect-eating, but feeds also on the flesh of any dead carcase, and is said to catch mice by throwing itself suddenly upon the victim, covering the mouse with its body in the grass. It has also been seen to rush upon a snake and saw the reptile in pieces with the rough edges of its armour, moving its body backwards and forwards. The Bamboo Rat, one of a small family of old-world rodents, is well adapted for an underground mole-like life, the large and projecting incisor teeth, however, betraying its true relationship. This rat makes lengthy burrows, not in search of earthworms and insects like the mole, but of roots and bulbs, using the teeth as well as claws in the construction of its tunnels. The Bamboo Rats are eaten by the hill-tribes of Burmah.

The last of the burrowing animals we illustrate this week is the Duck-Billed Platypus, of the order of Monotremata, or egg-laying mammals. It is only found in Southern and Eastern Australia and Tasmania, where it is fairly common. The Platypus lives in pairs, constructing its burrows, sometimes fifty feet long, in the banks of streams and rivers. There is one entrance beneath and another above the water-level. At the end is a grass-lined chamber where the young are produced. The Duck-Bill feeds upon such insects, worms, and crustaceans as it finds in the mud and sand, storing its food in its large cheek-pouches to be eaten afterwards at leisure.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Since the appeal of "Richard II." depends on beautiful emotional language rather than action, Mr. Tree is wise in giving what is rather poem than play every help of colour, music, and spectacle. His latest Shaksperian revival affords such a gorgeous series of pictures and pageants, such a brilliant re-creation of the dress, armour, and pomp of Plantagenet times, as even Charles Kean's famous Princess's production cannot have approached in magnificence, let alone historical accuracy. The mere scenic effects at His Majesty's are wonderful enough—the solidity of Mr. Harker's castle or the sweep of his heather-clad hills, the loveliness of Mr. Hann's formal garden, or the spaciousness of Mr. Hemsley's tournament lists. But Mr. Tree has also filled his stage with admirably drilled crowds, and consulted specialists in heraldry, ceremonial, and costume. Just two mistakes of realism he makes—one in introducing horses so restive that they furnish unwarranted comic relief; the other in assigning Bolingbroke, in a tableau illustrative of his "progress," an altogether unauthorised sentence. Otherwise Mr. Tree treats Shakspeare's text with sufficient respect, dividing it neatly into three acts that cover our Second Richard's splendour, his fall, and his end, and omitting the Duchesses' scenes so as to concentrate attention on the petulant and fickle King, who, indeed, when once his sorrows begin, strikes quite a piquantly modern note. Here, thanks to the dramatist's youthful preference for a lyrical medium, is a royal poet who, with luxurious self-pity, analyses his every emotion and mixes it in golden verse. Such a figure—half weakness, half dignity—suits Mr. Tree's instinct for character; and his Richard, though theatrically rather than spiritually realised, though too much *roi fainéant*, too little absorbed in the music of his words, has many finely imagined moments of pathos. This perhaps most striking of Mr. Tree's Shaksperian impersonations has the support of a somewhat vehement Gaunt in Mr. Brandon Thomas, a resonant but sombre Bolingbroke in Mr. Oscar Asche, a sententious Gardener in Mr. Lionel Brough; and very acceptable also are Mr. Haviland's eloquent Mowbray, Mr. Basil Gill's boyish Aumerle, Mr. Lyn Harding's bustling York, Mr. Fisher White's fiery Bishop, and, looking lonely in a play which does well with little feminine interest, Miss Brayton's charming and now almost impassioned Queen. One fault only could be urged against the interpretation supplied by Mr. Tree's company—the good fault of over-strenuous declamation.

"THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," AT THE APOLLO.

That entertaining musical play, "The Girl from Kay's," reached last week its three-hundredth performance, and its rather novel character has won for it an obvious popularity. Mr. Edouin, with his droll portrait of the blatant millionaire; Miss Letty Lind, with a new song of "The Penny Bus" and her old graceful dancing; Miss Kate Cutler, as dainty as ever as the jealous little bride; and Mr. Louis Bradfield, quaintly dolorous as the innocent young bridegroom, are still retained in the cast; while Miss Millie Legarde, vice Miss Ethel Irving, makes a vivacious as well as artful "Girl from Kay's."

MUSIC.

The chief event of the past week in the musical world was the 180th Festival of the Three Choirs in Hereford, which ended on Friday, Sept. 11. The chorus maintained its high reputation for excellence. It is entirely composed of the choral societies of the counties of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester. Dr. Sinclair, the organist of Hereford, and the organists of Worcester and Gloucester, deserve great praise for their skill in training the chorus to so high a pitch of perfection, and the festival has again brought forward novelties in musical composition, while once more giving the musical world the chance of hearing the beautiful "Dream of Gerontius" of Dr. Elgar. It was given in its entirety, and not as when it was robbed of much of its effect in Worcester Cathedral owing to excisions; and, with the one exception of the "Demon Chorus," was given with far greater impressiveness than either at Worcester or in the new Cathedral in London. The "Demon Choruses" were somewhat tame in effect, which was partly due to the imperfect articulation of the demoniac jeers and insults. The exact pitch of the pianissimo of the opening bars of the choir was deftly maintained by placing some score of chorister-boys in front of the orchestra, giving them the support of the first violins. Miss Muriel Foster once again gave her magnificent performance, and Mr. John Coates was also admirable in this great work. The chorus was severely tried by the insufficiency of rehearsals in the new sacred cantata of Mr. S. Cole-ridge Taylor, "The Atonement."

On Tuesday, Sept. 8, the Moody - Manners Opera Company gave a very ambitious, but withal creditable, rendering of "Siegfried" at Covent Garden. The performance of this part of the "Nibelungen" is beset with difficulties, but the effect was efficient on the whole. The orchestra, under the bâton of Herr Eckhold, deserves special commendation. Madame Moody sang the rôle of Brünnhilde, M. Arens was Siegfried, Mr. Magrath the Wanderer, and Mr. Payne Clarke, Mime.

The Promenade Concerts have produced three novelties during the past week—a suite, composed as incidental music for Maeterlinck's play, "Pelleas and Mélisande," which is graceful and picturesque, though by no means as ambitious as is the music of Fauré for the same play. The composer is Mr. William Wallace. It is written in five movements. The composer had a great reception. On Thursday, Sept. 10, a graceful little "Pastoral Suite," written by Mr. G. W. Cox, was produced. On Saturday Mr. Cecil Forsyth's graceful new viola concerto won warm approbation. During the absence of Mr. Arthur Payne the second part of the programme has been conducted by Mr. H. Lyell-Taylor, who is a popular and excellent leader.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

On concluding his visit to Rufford Abbey, the King travelled to Balmoral, and reached Aberdeen at five minutes past five on Sept. 14. To Sir James Reid, who entered the saloon, his Majesty said that he had been greatly benefited by his stay abroad. At Ballater the Prince of Wales was in attendance, and exchanged affectionate greetings with the King. Splendid weather favoured the drive to Balmoral, where the King was received by the Royal Highlanders in full uniform. The guard of honour was mounted by the Black Watch. Her Majesty's voyage to Denmark was greatly delayed by the gale, and there was much disappointment at Fredensborg Palace when it was known that her Majesty could not arrive until the 13th. The Queen and Princess Victoria were received by King Christian, King George of Greece, and others of the Queen's near kinsfolk. Her Majesty drove to the Palace through decorated streets, amid many tokens of popular affection and enthusiasm.

THE CABINET.

A meeting of the Cabinet which was referred to by political prophets as likely to be "critical" was held at the Foreign Office at three o'clock on the afternoon of Sept. 14. That the deliberations of the Government would be grave was a foregone conclusion; for what with the Report of the War Commission, the trouble in the Near East, and incidentally the growth of "passive resistance," which, though it may be a straw, is yet an index of how the wind is setting, Ministers must have felt that to a considerable extent they had outgrown that confidence which carried them so jauntily through the Khaki Election. No little public interest was manifested in the assembling of the members of his Majesty's Government; and it is said that in Charles Street Mr. Chamberlain was greeted with some signs of disapproval; but it would be unfair to magnify these outcries into a demonstration. The Colonial Secretary took the expressions of popular feeling with an imperturbable smile, and passed on to the Council Chamber in company with Mr. Gerald Balfour. The sitting lasted till six o'clock. On the following day the Cabinet met again at the same hour. Nothing is known as to the deliberations. No Minister has yet resigned, although it was stated that Mr. Ritchie would go. There are four courses before the Government. They may break up on Mr. Chamberlain's policy; they may persuade him to drop it; they may hang it up for the present by appointing a Royal Commission; and they may go on as if nothing had happened. It is considered probable that the last of these courses has been adopted, and that the famous inquiry will therefore be indefinitely prolonged. One reason assigned for this turn of events is that Ministers feel themselves bound to take early action upon the Report of the War Commission. Lord Rosebery's letter has put that before the country as the most important issue of the time. He has reiterated his demand for the recall of Lord Kitchener from India to undertake the reform of the War Office with a free hand. In some quarters it is suggested that Mr. Chamberlain should go to the War Office, with Lord Kitchener as his military adviser. This is scarcely likely to be his own ambition. If the fiscal question is shelved, will he continue his propaganda in the country all the same?

THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

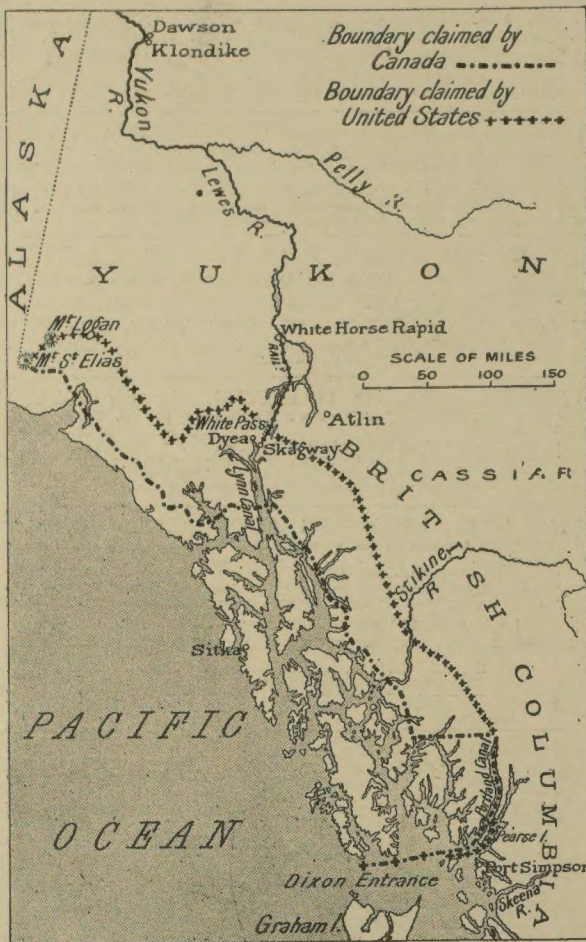
At mid-night on Sept. 13 an imaginary state of war was instituted in three English counties, and the great game between Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir John French was fairly set afoot. The general idea of the mimic campaign was that of an attack and defence of London. Our shores were supposed to have been invaded. An attack on the east coast was considered to have been unsuccessful, and, to draw attention from an impending attack on the south, Sir Evelyn Wood was understood to have landed with a force at Bristol, and to have pushed on to Bath, whence he would attack London. This attack it was the duty of Sir John French to avert. The Blue Army, constituting the invaders, was concentrated at Corsham, while General French's force had its base at Petersfield, in Hampshire. In such a scheme the town of Newbury, on the Bath Road, famous as a battle-ground in the Civil War, became a point of the highest strategic importance, and General French's first endeavour as soon as hostilities commenced was to occupy that town before Sir Evelyn Wood could seize it. This our most brilliant cavalry leader proceeded to do by a magnificent forced march which began at the stroke of midnight on Sunday. General French's force covered the forty miles between Petersfield and Newbury in

about nine hours, and an officer's patrol, pushing on from there to Wantage twelve miles distant, effected a junction with Bruce Hamilton's mounted infantry, which had moved simultaneously from Burford, in Oxfordshire. Brigadier-General Scobell then seized the bridges over the Kennet, thus throwing a formidable obstacle in the way of Sir Evelyn Wood's march on the capital. From these advanced points some glimpses were caught of the invader's scouts,

across 100 miles of country within twenty-four hours. Any fighting there was, was confined merely to a desultory exchange of shots between advanced posts. Exciting incidents were almost absent. Some prisoners of the defending force, men of the 18th and 13th Hussars, were captured by some of Sir Evelyn Wood's patrols. Of actual results for the day, there falls to be chronicled only the minor success of the temporary occupation of Hungerford by Scobell's troopers. Wednesday, however, saw the completion of the concentration and the imminence of the great battle that would decide the issues of the operations.

The modern battlefield is, of course, traversed hither and thither by the ubiquitous motor-car, which bears the Duke of Connaught as umpire-in-chief from place to place. The wireless telegraph too, military photography, aerial scouting, ballooning, balloon-signals, and motor-searchlights are among the scientific aids to the campaign. Among our illustrations of novelties is the Swiss cooking-stove which is being used by the 5th Coldstream Guards as an experiment in the culinary department. The boilers, which are shown at the back of the invention, are hung on springs from the axles of the wheels so as to enable their being used to prepare food even during the march. They have proved so satisfactory that men of the battalion in question have had their dinner an hour before any of the others; besides which they have had hot soup every night for supper.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



THE ALASKA BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCH-MAP ILLUSTRATING THE POINTS AT ISSUE.

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While French was executing his great movement, Field-Marshal Wood made a dash on Swindon, which he raided successfully. Sir Evelyn was understood to have seized the food-depôts in that town.

Tuesday was, for the looker-on at the game (who in this case did not see the most), a day of uncertainty. The defending cavalry, after their brilliant forced march of the previous day, were occupied only in light work, Scobell's Hussars riding the Kennet Valley to form a

The Alaska Boundary Commission, which is holding its sittings at the Foreign Office, has met to settle an extremely knotty question—the delimitation of the boundary between British Columbia and the United States territory towards Alaska. The sketch-map printed on this page shows the line claimed by Canada and that by the United States. If the United States claims were admitted, that country would then command the approaches by rail and water to the Yukon and Klondike. When gold was discovered at Klondike in 1896, the Lynn Canal and the Yukon River were opened up as part of the direct route to the gold district, and, consequent to the great rush of American adventurers, there sprang up two practically American settlements, Skagway and Dyea. As a result, the American flag was planted even in the mountain-passes and as far inland as Lake Bennett, in British Columbia. To this Great Britain lodged an objection, which opened up the present controversy. When the United States purchased Russian America in 1867, a boundary-line was adopted in agreement with that laid down by the Treaty of 1825. The interpretation of this Treaty is now at issue. The United States, as the successor of Russia, claims all waterways and navigable inlets between the Yukon and British Columbia. The British contention is that the Lynn Canal, being more than three miles wide, cannot be closed to British vessels. In 1825 it was agreed that the boundary should run along the tops of the mountains bordering the coast, but where the mountains were more than ten marine leagues from the coast the line should be drawn ten marine leagues from the coast and parallel to its sinuosities. The British propose a line from summit to summit parallel to the coast; the Americans declare that, as no chain of mountains exists, the boundary must be drawn parallel to the coast sinuosities, ten marine leagues from the head of all inlets. The British object that no mention is made of inlets or tide-water. The southern extremity of the Treaty boundary at Portland Channel is also in dispute. The two arms of that inlet now bear the name Portland Channel, although the southernmost was called by Vancouver "Observatory Inlet." Canada, of course, claims the northern arm, and the United States the southern, because the new railway from the Yukon is to terminate at Port Simpson.



AN EFFECT OF THE GREAT GALE IN ALDERNEY: THE HELCKE FULMINATE-OF-MERCURY WORKS, WRECKED BY A THUNDERBOLT AND AN EXPLOSION.

screen against a possible attack from the invading cavalry. For both sides the day was one of valuable scouting practice. French's infantry steadily continued its slower advance from Petersfield, and gave a most creditable account of itself, reaching Kingsclere, near Newbury, in just about double the time taken by the cavalry to cover the distance. Meanwhile, another infantry force was plodding along from Oxfordshire, completing French's great achievement of placing a cordon

Our Illustration shows the works as the explosion and conflagration left them.

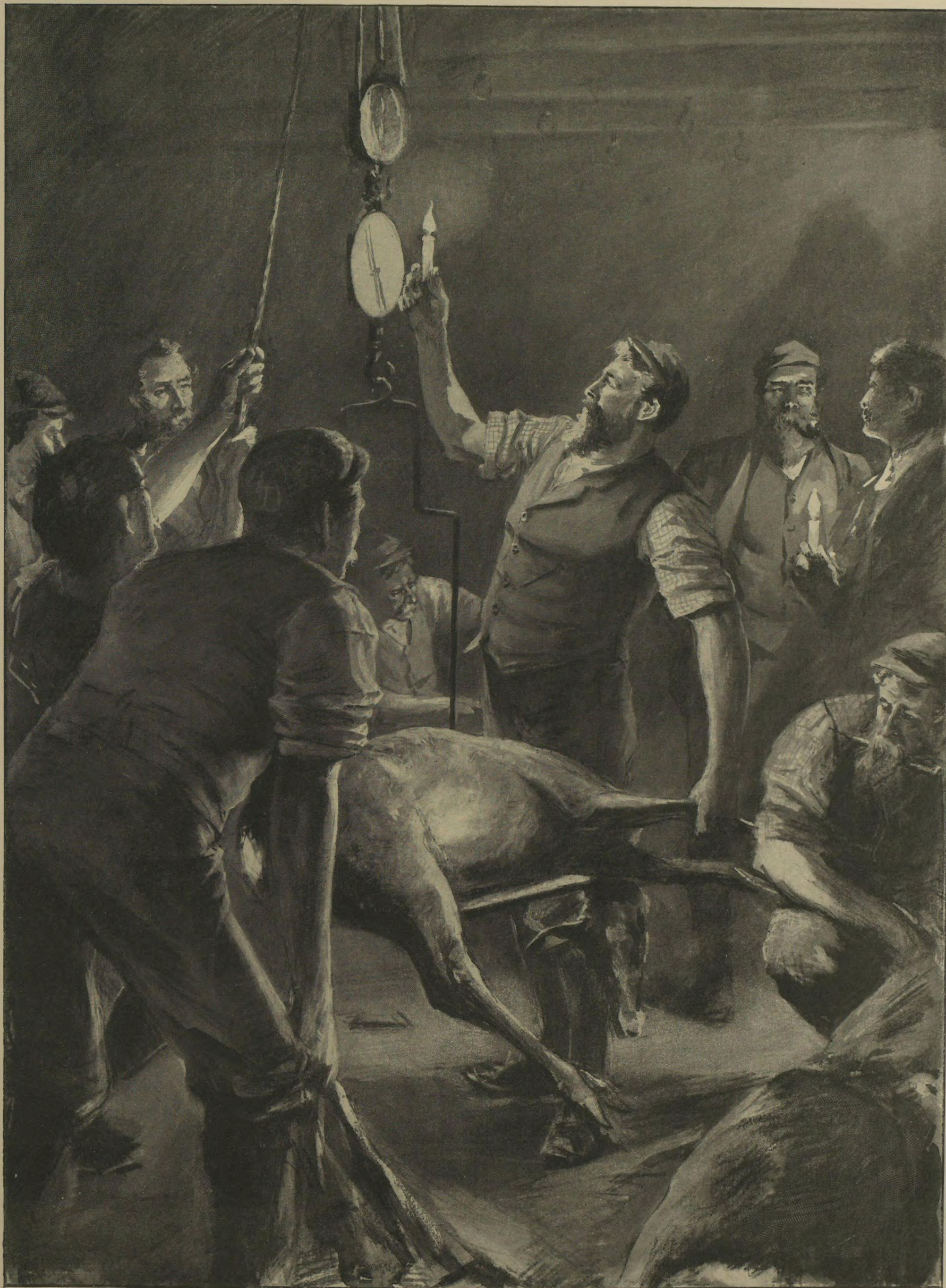
ROCHESTER.

The electioneering at Rochester suggests that we are approaching the brotherhood of man. Sir Harry Johnston, the Liberal candidate, is on such excellent terms with his Unionist opponent, Mr. William

During the terrific gale of Sept. 10 an extraordinary accident occurred on the island of Alderney. While the storm was at its height a thunderbolt fell upon the Helcke Fulminate-of-Mercury Works, and setting fire to a spirit-store in the yard, occasioned a terrific explosion. Burning fragments were carried in all directions, and set fire to some neighbouring hayricks. The flames rose to a great height, and were visible at a long distance.

THE KING'S ANNUAL HIGHLAND VISIT: A DEER-STALKING INCIDENT.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE ROYAL GILLIES WEIGHING A DEER AT BALMORAL.

Tuff, that he has proposed the holding of joint meetings, both candidates to expound their views on the same platform. Mr. Tuff, fearing that the Millennium is coming too fast, has not fallen in with this idea. But there is not a trace of party spirit in the contest, which lovers of the picturesque accordingly find extremely dull. Sir Harry Johnston, one of the most experienced and successful of our Colonial administrators, admits that he has changed his views about the fiscal question more than once. He has been a Free Trader and a Preferential Trader, and he is now a Free Trader again. Mr. Chamberlain, he says, is a very able man, but entirely ignorant of Colonial affairs. Mr. Tuff is for some modification of our fiscal system, but no taxation on food. Both parties at Rochester are for conducting a bye-election with the most exquisite politeness.

THE GREAT GALE.

The inclemency of 1903 reached an unprecedented height on the night of Sept. 10. A sharp drop in the temperature during the day was accompanied by wind and rain, and as evening closed in, this increased to a tempest. Serious damage was done to the trees in the London parks, and throughout the country great havoc was wrought among the crops. The hopfields of Kent suffered severely, and all round the coast there were wrecks and damage to piers, breakwaters, and sea-fronts. In Wales there were heavy floods, and throughout the kingdom railway and telegraphic communication was interrupted. We illustrate many scenes of devastation in seaside resorts and shipping towns. The gale has occasioned serious loss of life.

BULGARIA AND TURKEY.

The Bulgarian Government have addressed a Note to the Powers, and seem to have made up their minds for war. Their case is that the Sultan and the Powers have left them no choice, that the Sultan is deliberately exterminating the Bulgarian population of Macedonia, while the Powers are either apathetic or willing to see him suppress insurrection in his own unspeakable way. The Greek Prime Minister, who described the insurgents as "herds of wolves," has now discovered that the Turkish wolves are devouring Greeks as well as Bulgarians. There can be no doubt that there is indiscriminate slaughter in Macedonia. The Sultan proposes to make a desert and call it peace. Hilmi Pasha, when refusing to allow starving refugees to receive help from compassionate Europeans, remarked, "Those who are to live will live, and those who are to die will die." He added that he did not expect to see another revolt. This method of repression will be effectual enough if such is the will of Europe. But it may be carried too far for the equanimity of Bulgaria, and even of Greece; and if one or both of these States should levy war on the Sultan, the Powers may be compelled to intervene.

EXHIBITION OF A NEW P. AND O. LINER.

By the kindness of the directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the magnificent new steam-ship *Moldavia* (the largest in their fleet) will be open to inspection by the public on Sept. 18 and 19, at the small charge of one shilling, in aid of the funds of the

THE GERMAN SOCIALIST CONGRESS.

Before the opening of the Congress at Dresden, the leaders in both sections were exercised over the question of how a collision was to be avoided. In view of the coming elections, such friction would be an incalculable blow to the party's prospects, and Herr Singer was entrusted with the difficult office of mediator. Herr Bebel's attitude presented a delicate problem, for he believes that the men of the younger school are opportunists and traitors. Herr Bebel's watchword is "No compromise." By that he declares Socialism has won its present commanding position, and should it palter with concessions, it will sink to the dead level of the ordinary Bürger party. The Revisionists, as

THE LIPTON-ROOSEVELT INCIDENT.

A curious story obtained currency in New York which seemed to imply that President Roosevelt had declined to meet Sir Thomas Lipton at the annual dinner of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club. The first version of the story alleged that on the issue of the invitation President Roosevelt's secretary had written to say that neither the owner of the *Shamrock* nor any of his party must come to the dinner because, as the President had recently entertained Sir Thomas on board the *Mayflower*, he did not wish to seem to be overdoing his courtesy. The explanation which is now given shows the whole affair to have arisen out of a misunderstanding. Sir Thomas had been invited by the secretary of the club as his personal guest, and Mr. Roosevelt had stipulated that he would come only in a friendly and informal way, and provided that there were no guests from outside. When the President's private secretary heard of the yacht club's secretary's intention as to a private guest, he reminded him of Mr. Roosevelt's conditions, and from that the whole story seems to have arisen. The President had not the slightest discourteous intention towards Sir Thomas.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

Naval authorities, who have recently launched a fine new cruiser, the *Slawa*, the christening of which was attended by the Czar and Czaritsa, have set an excellent example to other navies by fitting up a ship for the special training of engineers and stokers. The vessel contains four different types of boilers, and there are many varieties of feed-pumps. Further, to extend the men's experience, single and compound engines have been installed, and the steam-cylinders on board number nearly two hundred. As in the British Navy, so in the Russian, experience has proved the higher economy in coal of the large tube boilers. The vessel has the additional advantage of affording a convenient means for testing new theories and inventions.

KAID MACLEAN.

Considerable surprise has been occasioned by the news that Kaid Sir Harry Maclean has left Morocco on an extended sick leave. There has hitherto been no mention of any delicacy in Kaid Maclean's health, so the reason of his lengthy furlough is probably disguised under a polite euphemism. The Sultan, who has endured so much martyrdom as the apostle of Western civilisation, seems now to be purging his Court of foreign, and particularly of British, influence. The departure of the gallant Scotsman, Kaid Maclean, was preceded some weeks ago by that of the Sultan's English physician. Kaid Maclean has expressed himself in optimistic terms regarding the political condition of Morocco. He believes that the Sultan's power is daily increasing.

MR. BALFOUR'S FREE TRADE PAMPHLET.

Mr. Balfour has again come before the world as a pamphleteer, and has now issued for wider circulation an essay, which has been in the hands of his friends and colleagues since August. Under the title, "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade," the Premier reviews and discusses our fiscal policy. "Popular disputation," he says,

THE CZAR AND CZARITSA AT THE LAUNCH OF THE "SLAWA."

Note the Czar's wonderful resemblance to the Prince of Wales.

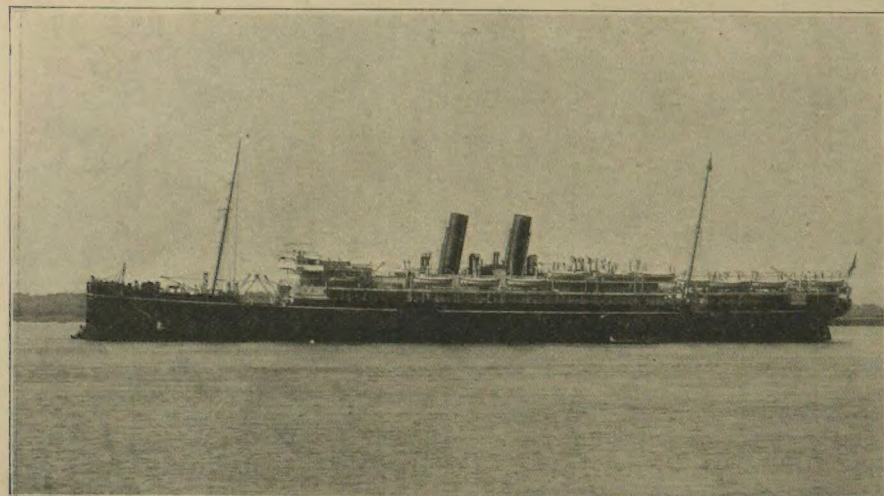


THE PLAGUE IN FRANCE.

Marseilles has unfortunately been visited by the plague, and a rigid quarantine is being imposed upon all vessels sailing from that port. Even at Algiers the rule is in strict force, and all passengers from Marseilles have to be disinfected before they are allowed to disembark. Several unmistakable cases of the Black Terror have been admitted to the hospitals, and two nurses have unfortunately caught the infection.

M. ETIENNE.

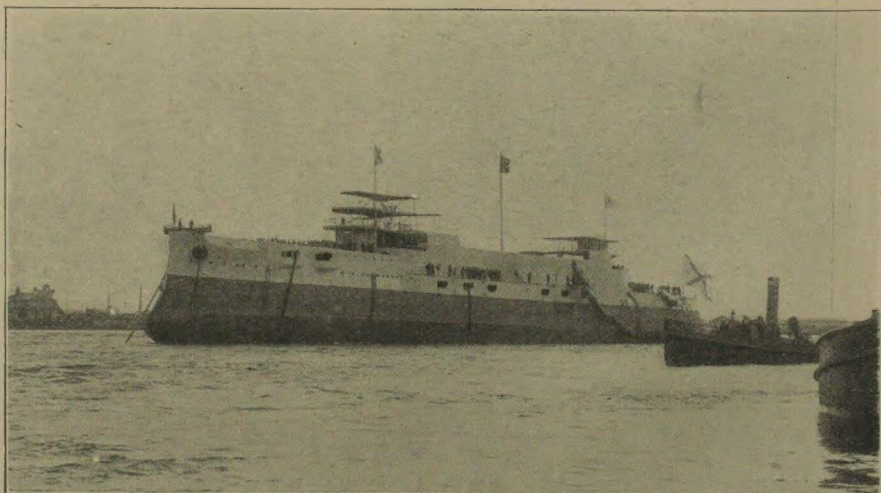
The leader of the French Colonial party has written in the *Figaro* three articles which are very pleasant reading for Englishmen. There was a time when the French Colonial party was most outspoken on the traditional perfidy of Albion. But it is now clear to M. Etienne that this was all a misunderstanding. He views with equanimity our position in Egypt, and



THE NEW P. AND O. LINER "MOLDAVIA," ON EXHIBITION IN AID OF THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL SOCIETY.

Seamen's Hospital Society ("Dreadnought"), Greenwich, and Royal Albert Dock. The *Moldavia* is lying in the Tilbury Dock, and leaves London for Bombay on her maiden voyage on Sept. 25. The length of the new vessel is 520 ft.; beam, 58 ft.; depth, 37 ft.; 10,000 tons (gross); 14,000-horse power. She is fitted with triple-expansion engines and twin screws. There is accommodation for 500 passengers (320 first-class and 180 second). Visitors will be well repaid for their trouble, as the *Moldavia* is ready for sea, and every facility will be afforded for viewing the splendid saloons, cabins, engines, and other appointments of the ship. They will also have the satisfaction of knowing that they have helped an exceptionally useful and deserving national charity which is sorely in need of funds.

dismisses Fashoda without even a sigh. He is quite sure that we mean well in West Africa; and if he will not let us buy out the French treaty rights on the Newfoundland shore, he is unwilling to make friction there. Finally, M. Etienne tells us that the *entente cordiale* is perfectly consistent with the Franco-Russian alliance. This may be intended as a gentle hint to Russia that France stands quite aloof from certain schemes of her ally in the Far East. Whatever it means, there can be no question that the French Colonial party holds us in high favour. The old Bismarckian game of embroiling France and England is played out, and our neighbours across the Channel see at last that there is not the smallest ground for ill-will between the two nations.

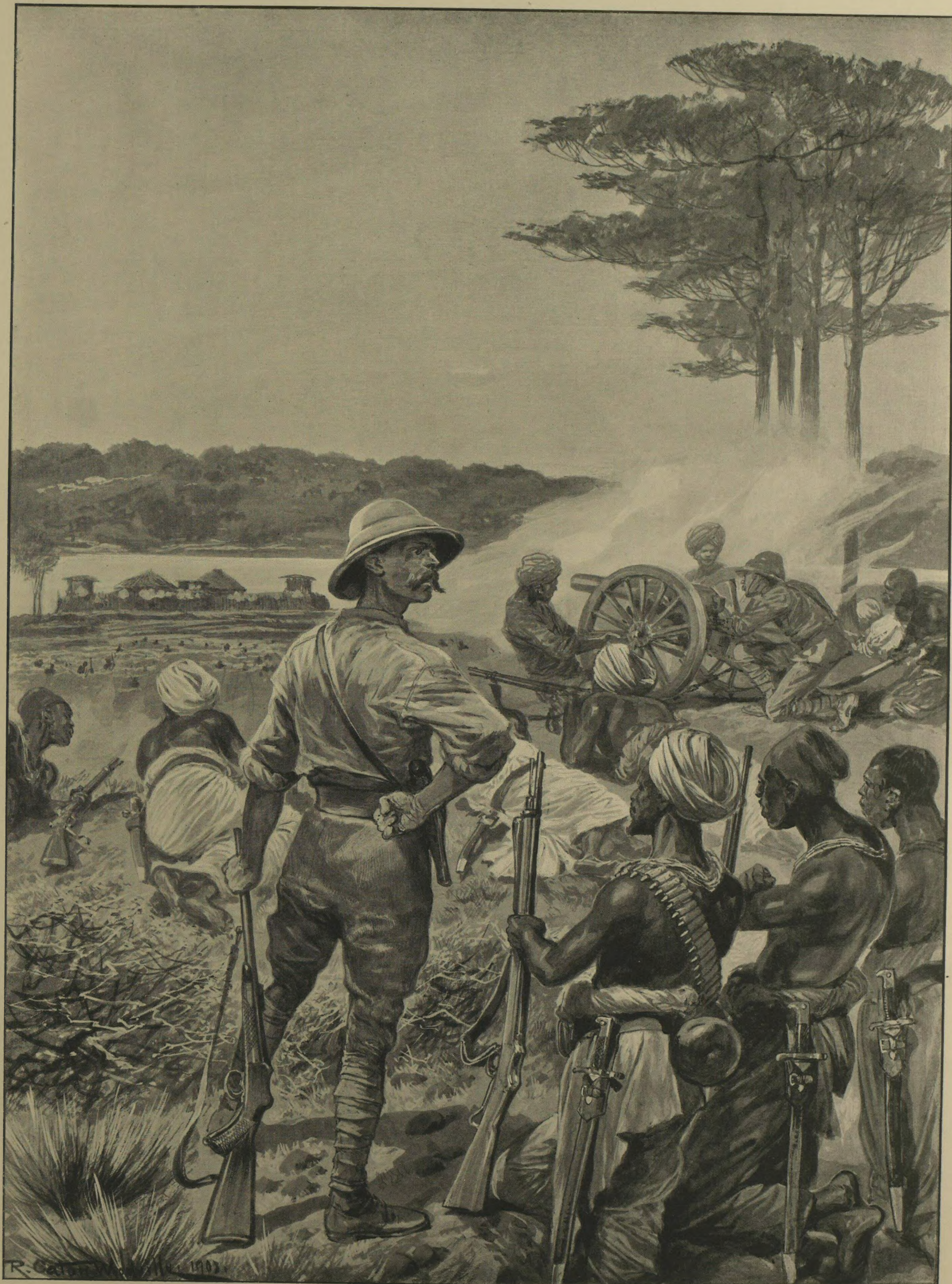


THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW RUSSIAN CRUISER, "SLAWA": THE VESSEL MOORED AFTER LEAVING THE WAYS.

"insists on labels, and likes its labels old. It therefore divides the world, for purposes of fiscal controversy, into Protectionists and Free Traders. Those who are Protectionists are assumed to be Protectionists after the manner of Lord George Bentinck. Those who are Free Traders are assumed to be Free Traders after the manner of Mr. Cobden. I am a Free Trader," says Mr. Balfour, "but not exactly of this pattern." He pleads for freedom to negotiate, that freedom of exchange may be increased. "It cannot be right for a country with Free Trade ideals to enter into competition with Protectionist rivals, self-deprived of the only instrument by which their policy can conceivably be modified. We must get rid of the bonds in which we have gratuitously entangled ourselves."

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XXVIII.: THE ZANZIBAR PROTECTORATE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

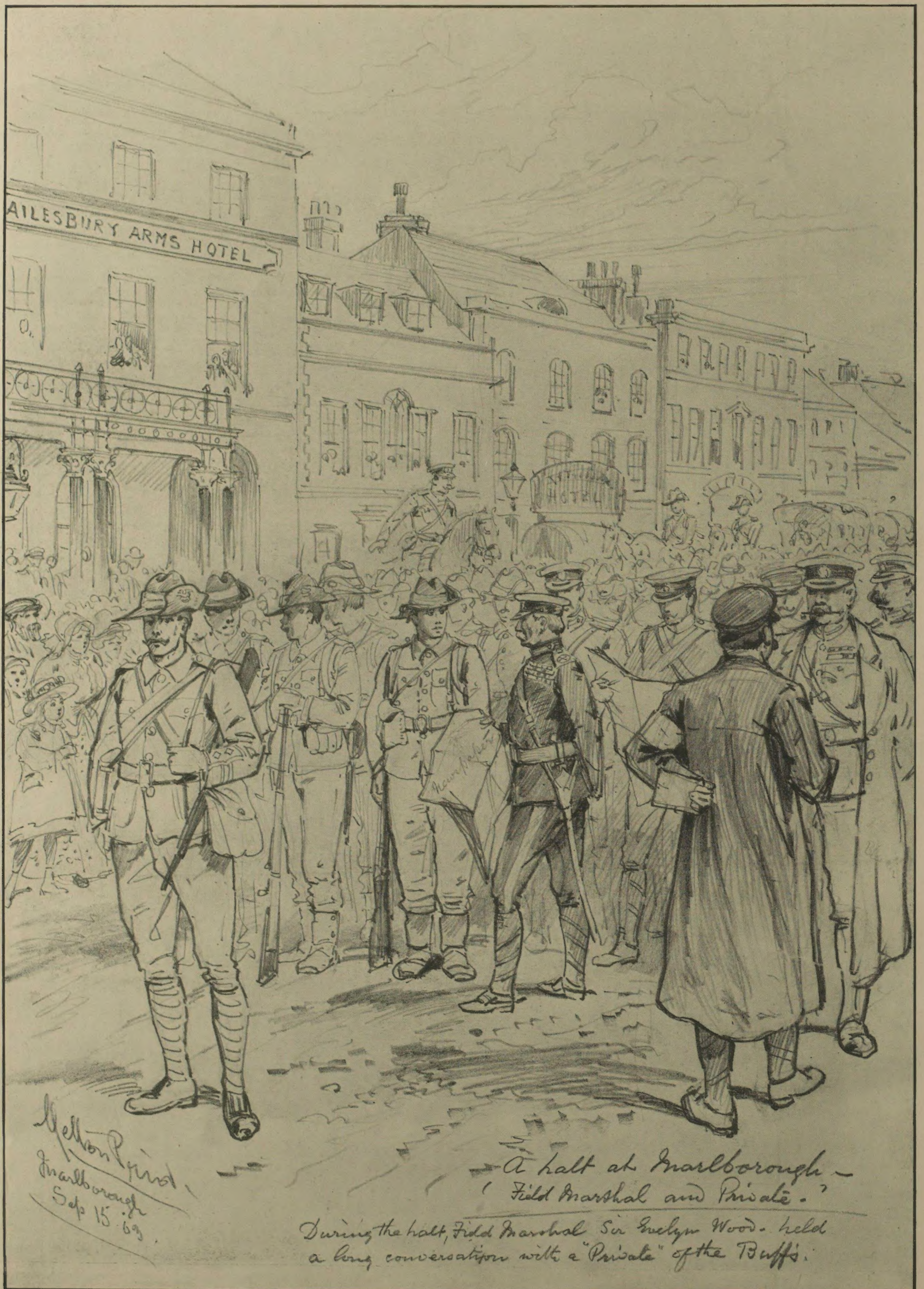


THE END OF SLAVERY IN ZANZIBAR: THE BRITISH DESTROYING THE LAST OF THE SLAVERS' STOCKADES.

Zanzibar was held by the Portuguese from the fifteenth century to the seventeenth. The inams of Muscat thereafter held the power now vested in the Sultan. The British Protectorate began in 1890, and in 1897 the legal status of slavery ceased to be recognised.

THE GREAT WAR-GAME IN THE WEST COUNTRY: WITH THE INVADERS.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON-PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD.



FIELD-MARSHAL AND PRIVATE: AN INCIDENT DURING A HALT AT MARLBOROUGH.

On September 15, during a halt, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, commanding the invaders, held a long conversation with a private of the "Buffs."



He pointed away to the southward to a large vessel that was running before the gale under storm canvas.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

"You must try and keep the young lady on shore for two hours or more if you can, Lugard," he said to his friend; "you see, I want to fix the poor old gentleman up in real shore-going fashion, and I don't want her to come on deck and see the carpenter at work on some teak planks I have in the 'tween decks. It's a knock to any woman's feelings to see coffin-making going on on board a ship, especially when she knows it is to hold someone very dear to her. So I've told Chips to go about his work very quietly down in the 'tween decks till I get back. Then I'll lend him a hand, and we'll finish the job on deck once you get the girl out of the way. And look here, Jim, how will this do? I've got a roll of white China silk which will come in well for the inside lining; and then you know them big brass handles on those long drawers in my cabin? Well, as soon as the girl is out of the ship I'll take four of 'em off, and get one of the hands to clean and polish 'em bright with vinegar and sandpaper. Then I'm going to polish and varnish the whole thing in regular Boston high style; and then we must get particulars of the old man's age, his full name, and all that, and we'll cut the lettering out of a sheet of copper. How will that do?"

"You *are* a good fellow, Carroll," said the younger seaman, "and I am sure that that poor girl will not forget you in her prayers."

"Well, we must do all we can to help her in such trouble," said the whaler simply; "it would be downright wicked of us if we didn't. Then I have daughters of my own, and that makes me feel soft over this girl."

The boat touched the beach near the mouth of the little stream, and the two men got out and stood on the hard, white sand which fringed the bay. The place was very quiet, and so sheltered by the high, wooded headland of the Cape that the violence of the still raging storm could only be imagined by the heaving billows to the eastward and the swaying of the great forest-trees which clothed the sides of the lofty hills whose sloping spurs stretched down to within a few hundred yards of where the boat lay.

Shouldering their guns, the captains set out along the beach towards a spot which, seen from the brig, indicated deeper water close in to the shore than in any part of the bay. The rain had now quite ceased, and here and there a blue patch of sky was visible in the grey dome of the heavens; and, as they walked, a bright sun-blade pierced the clouds, and for a few moments shone upon the fringing beach and tree-clad hills. Swimming quite close to the margin of the sand were vast schools of fish—principally mullet, garfish, and whiting—which showed scarcely any signs of fear of the intruders, merely moving lazily away for a few feet and again resuming their former position as soon as the men had passed.

"We must get a cast of the seine here," said Carroll; "we can fill a boat

HELEN ADAIR

By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

down to the gunwales in an hour, and it will be a change from the eternal salt-horse and rusty pork."

"There are also plenty of kangaroos and scrub-wallabies about here, I am sure," said Lugard. "Anyway, this is exactly the same kind of country as that about Port Macquarie and Cattai Creek, and there I have seen many hundreds of them every day. We

might shoot a few, and get fresh meat as well as fresh fish. This is certainly a lovely little place for a few days' sport, and I wish we had the time for it."

"Well, we might manage the shooting as well as the fishing. Once we get the brig on the beach and find the leak Grey will look after her, and you and I will see to the kangaroos. And to tell you the truth, although I want to get away as quickly as possible from this infernal coast, I'm afraid that this gale is not half blown out yet. I don't like to see the sky clearing in this curious, patchy way. Shouldn't be surprised if the worst of it has yet to come; if so, we are better off here than at sea."

"Neither do I like the looks of the weather, and if it were not for the danger of some settler or a passing vessel seeing the brig and reporting us either at Port Macquarie or Sydney, I should like to be here for a few days. We don't want to be caught here, even lying at anchor—let alone being on the beach, hard and fast."

A few minutes' walking brought them to the spot they had observed from the ship. A very brief examination showed it to be well fitted for careening the brig, and Carroll decided to put her ashore as soon as the tide was at full flood.

An hour sooner than was anticipated the boat returned to the ship, and shortly afterwards again left for the shore, carrying Helen, Lugard, and one of the boat-steerers—a young Western Islands Portuguese named Manuel Castro—who was an excellent shot, and who, with the two other men who manned the boat, was to skirt the low scrub at the foot of the spurs and endeavour to shoot some kangaroos or any other game they might fall across.

CHAPTER XXX.

Two days had passed. John Adair had been buried in the seaward slope of a gently rising spur which overlooked the deep blue waters of the quiet little bay. The spot was one of those small natural clearings so often met with in the forests of the eastern littoral of Australia—a sward of light-green, closely knit couch-grass in the midst of a grove of wild apple-trees and tall, stately bangalow palms, the haunt of the sweet-voiced bell-bird and the gorgeous-plumaged king parrot. The place had been discovered by Lugard, who had pointed out the graceful fan-like leaves of the clump of bangalows to Helen; and Manuel Castro and the other two seamen soon cut a passage through the

low thicket-scrub that lay between the base of the spur and the beach at high-water mark. At the head of the old man's grave, Patrick Montgomery and Cole had placed a tall cross made from the trunk of a blackbutt-tree found lying prone beside the little stream that trickled below; it faced towards the sea, a glimpse of which could be seen through the smooth grey boles of the palms and slender, mottled trunks of the wild apples.

Towards noon of the third day the *Palmyra* was ready to be floated again, as soon as the tide served. The principal leak was found to be caused—as Lugard had surmised—by the starting of a butt-end under the counter on the port side, whilst on both port and starboard sides amidships the caulking had worked out of her planking owing to the severe straining she had undergone at the outset of the gale. This, of course, had to be remedied, even though it necessitated the vessel being delayed several days; for, after the started butt-end had been made secure and the port side well caulked, Carroll had to wait another tide in order to cant her over to port so as to get at the starboard side. This had meant a great deal of work for the crew from the first; for in order to careen her well a number of barrels of whale-oil had to be hoisted on deck and made secure on one side as well as the want of bulwarks would permit. Then after the repairs to the port side had been effected, another flood tide had to be awaited, so as to get the ship on an even keel before the casks could be moved across the deck again. Yet, although the men had worked most willingly, the delay caused by John Adair's funeral—which was attended by half of the ship's company—had been very considerable, and then in addition to the damage she had sustained to the hull, the vessel's standing rigging, it was found, would need to be set up and many defects aloft made good before she could safely put to sea again.

By this time, although the sky had cleared and the wind lessened in its violence, it was still blowing hard, and Carroll congratulated himself on his luck in being in such a sheltered situation, where he could go on with the needful repairs.

"After all," he said to Hewitt and Lugard, "we should not grumble—we might have fared worse."

"You take things very philosophically, Carroll," remarked the younger captain, "considering you have lost all your boats but one, and try-works, and that as far as any more whaling goes the voyage is over."

"That is so—but it can't be helped; and we'll be in the East Indies all the sooner, though the Lord knows I shall turn green when I hear 'There she blows!' sung out, and know it is no use lowering our one boat to kill a whale that, although we could cut it in, we couldn't try it out."

"I have no hesitation in saying this, Captain Carroll, although I say it on my own responsibility—that when Mr. Walter Adair learns of the misfortune with which you have met he will amply compensate you for your loss."

"I am sure he will," said Hewitt earnestly; "he has no children of his own, and I know that for the sake of my cousin Helen—if for no other reason—he will be anxious to prove his gratitude to you."

"I don't count on getting anything that I'm not entitled to, gentlemen," said the big man, with a laugh; "but, at the same time, if Mr. Adair is going to be extra good to me I'm not the man to put my finger in my mouth and look down at my toes and say, 'Please don't' to him."

They were by this time on shore, in a large tent made from a spare foresail; for when the brig was canted over on her side the good-natured whaleman insisted that for Helen's comfort a shelter should be put up for her on a dry, sandy mound at the mouth of the little stream running into the bay; and here, ever since her father's burial, Helen had spent most of the time, guarded at night by Patrick Montgomery, Cole, and Manuel Castro.

And as the burly captain was speaking, she entered the tent, carrying a large bunch of "velvet," sometimes called "flannel"-flowers, which she had gathered during her walk along the base of the mountain spur which would be for ever dear to her memory.

"Are they not wonderful flowers, Captain Carroll?" she asked, as she sat upon the rough seat which Hewitt eagerly brought to her. "See"—and she handed the bunch to the whaleman—"what soft, white, velvety petals, and such a strange pale-green centre. There are so many about here, growing even in the sandy soil just above the beach. At Waringa I used to find a few, but Miss Lathom did not like them, so I never brought them to the house—she said they looked like nuns who had taken the veil; but Captain Lathom was very fond of them, and was always so pleased when I brought him some. He loved flowers, and told me of some he had seen in the West India Islands when he was there many years ago. There was one in particular of which he told me—oh, how I should love to see it!"

"What was it like, Miss Adair?" said Lugard.

"Oh, it must be lovely, Captain Lugard! You know how Captain Lathom speaks—so quietly and gravely, and yet how his eyes light up when he is really interested in anything. He told me that this flower—it is an orchid—grows on a rough, coarse stalk like that of a hollyhock, but that when the bud unfolds it reveals a tiny little white dove, with wings and beak and breast, nestling upon the top of what looks like a cross. The Spanish people, he said, called it, 'the flower of the Holy Spirit.'"

"I have seen the flower, Miss Adair. It is indeed very wonderful, and Captain Lathom described it most accurately," said Lugard. "Now, I'm off for a long walk to the top of the cape to see how it looks outside to the southward. Will you and Hewitt come, captain?"

"I'm only too glad," replied Hewitt. "Come, Captain Carroll, bring your gun. We are sure to get a wallaby or two."

The three men started off, leaving Helen in the care of Cole and Montgomery; for although no recent signs had been seen of any aborigines being in the immediate vicinity, it was considered safest to keep a constant watch, for the tent could have been very easily approached by the stealthy savages through the thick scrub between the beach and the base of the spur, and the occupants speared or clubbed within sight of the brig; so either Montgomery or Cole, with one of the crew, was always on guard.

The climb to the ridge of the spur which stretched out so far into the sea, and had been named "Smoky Cape" by the gallant Cook, was not so difficult as it seemed to be from the shore, and in a little more than an hour they found themselves on the actual summit of the cape itself, an open, well-grassed space of about two acres in extent, and completely sheltered from the violence of the wind by a thick growth of honeysuckle and stunted gum-trees. A number of wallaby were feeding quietly on the rich green herbage, and Carroll and Hewitt each succeeded in shooting one, but Lugard, who had fired at the largest of the lot, only succeeded in wounding it, and the animal at once leapt away in the direction of the sea-face of the cape.

"Take care you don't go over!" cried Carroll warningly, as Lugard, hastily reloading his gun with a bullet instead of shot, started off after the creature.

"All right," he shouted back; "there's a big fringe of thick scrub growing along the top of the cliff, and that is where I'll get him. I can't fall through the scrub"; and in a few seconds he was out of sight.

As Carroll and Hewitt were examining their wallabies they heard the report of Lugard's gun; then his voice calling to them—

"Come here, quickly!"

Descending the dangerously steep side of the cape for about a hundred yards, they entered the belt of scrub, where they found Lugard. He was standing in the midst of the timber looking through the trees out upon the sea.

"Where is the wallaby?" asked Hewitt.

"Down there somewhere; but never mind it now. Look there."

He pointed away to the southward to a large vessel that was running before the gale under storm canvas, and was at that moment not more than three miles away. She had lost several of her upper spars, but seemed to be making good weather of it otherwise.

"She is bound to see us," said Hewitt anxiously.

"Certain to," said Lugard; "but I don't think it will matter even if she runs round the cape and takes shelter as we have done—her skipper and I are good friends. That is the *Leeuwarden*. I know her looks too well to make any mistake."

"What is to be done?" asked Carroll.

"Nothing. We can't stop her from running in here for shelter, can we? And Jan Schouten is not a bad old fellow. Let us get down to the brig as soon as we can, or he'll be round the cape and at anchor before we are on the beach."

Leaving the two wallabies where they were lying, the men started off on their return.

CHAPTER XXXI.

As soon as the three men emerged from the scrub upon the beach they met Helen, who was accompanied by Patrick Montgomery, armed with rifle and cutlass.

"What is the matter, captain?" asked Helen anxiously. "Has anything happened? It frightened me to see you all running."

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Adair. It is only a large ship just coming round the cape."

Her face paled. "Not a King's ship, I trust, Captain Carroll?"

Lugard smiled. "No indeed, Miss Adair. 'T would be awkward for us and the rest of the people on board the *Palmyra* if we were caught here. This is a Dutch merchant-ship, of whose captain you have heard me speak. His name is Jan Schouten, and he is a friend of mine."

"Oh, of course—the captain of the *Leeuwarden*."

"Here she comes, Sir!" cried Montgomery, and as he was speaking the barque swept past the steep-to face of the cape, and then hauled to the wind so as to bring-to under its lee. Her sudden appearance caused the greatest surprise on board the *Palmyra*, whose crew were all clustered together watching the stranger, who presently, after a cast or two of the lead, brought-to about a quarter of a mile distant from the careened brig, and as her cable spun through her hawsepipe the Dutch colours were run up; and responded to by the *Palmyra*.

"Ah, that's right," said Carroll. "I was wondering if Grey would hesitate about showing our colours when he must know that the skipper of the barque knows us pretty well, having seen us twice in Port Jackson. Schouten will be sending a boat to us as soon as he has snugged down a bit."

"Sure to," said Lugard, who seemed to be lost in sudden meditation, as with hands in his pocket he stared blankly at the Dutch barque. Then he swung round on his heel to Carroll, and drew him aside for a few minutes, speaking in a low tone.

"Certainly, I leave everything to you," said the whaleman, who then addressed Helen.

"Miss Adair, for very good reasons we wish you, Mr. Hewitt, Montgomery, and Cole to go into the tent and remain there till we send the boat for you about dusk. There is no danger, but Captain Lugard and I do not wish any of you to be seen. Good-bye for the present."

Helen and the two men at once obeyed without the slightest questioning, and Carroll and his friend walked quickly down the beach to the brig.

"Now I'll tell you the story as briefly but as fully as I can," said Lugard, and taking the big man by the arm, he first told him of what he had heard from Schouten about the two passengers expected on board the *Leeuwarden*, then of his subsequently overhearing

a conversation in Lamont's house between the Jew and a visitor, who were in another room, concerning these same passengers, and the elaborate plans made for their flight that night by the old Jew.

"Then," continued Lugard, "I heard Lamont's visitor, as he was leaving, speak loudly enough for me to recognise his voice; and it made me jump with astonishment, for I knew the man well. And his name isn't Thompson; but that's of no consequence to us. I rather like him."

"Do you know who the woman is?"

Lugard shook his head. "No, I do not. But I do know the man—he's a soldier officer who has come in for a fortune. He has seen Miss Adair scores of times at Lathom's house, and"—he stopped abruptly—"can it possibly be she?"

"Who?"

"Oh, a woman I know, and whom Miss Adair knows well, too," he continued guardedly, for he had just remembered that he had on several occasions heard Wray's name coupled with that of Ida Lathom; "but it is no use surmising. What we must do is to prevent Miss Adair herself seeing or being seen by Schouten's passengers—it would upset her terribly, perhaps. And the sooner we get to sea the better."

Carroll assented, and said the brig would be not only afloat, but could get under way in three hours, and that Helen might come off and go to her cabin before the vessel began to haul off into deep water; for as she rose to an even keel he would begin to restow her cargo so as to save time. This was very satisfactory to Lugard, who was now most anxious to have the *Palmyra* at sea again.

"There was bound to be a big hue-and-cry after the *Palmyra*," he said, "and quite likely the *Leeuwarden* may be wanted as well. So 'tis best to be careful."

Just as they reached the brig's side one of the boat-steerers called out that a boat was coming from the barque.

They went on deck—Carroll to hurry up the preparations for floating the brig, and Lugard to look at the boat, which he soon saw was steered by the fat old Dutchman himself.

"Good morning, Captain Schouten," he cried.

"Ah, good morning, mine friend Lugard," replied the skipper, standing up and waving his hat. "I dolt it was you und der *Palmyra*."

"It is," said Lugard cheerfully, pleased that Wray was not in the boat. "Pull right up here under our stern—there's enough water there—and I'll put a ladder over for you."

The moment Schouten climbed up and stood on the poop he shook hands most heartily with Lugard, inquired what was the matter with the brig, and offered such assistance as he could afford.

"Thank you, captain, but we are nearly over our troubles now, and are putting to sea again in a few hours. Ha, come here, Carroll. This is my good friend Captain Jan Schouten, of the *Leeuwarden*. Come, let us go below and see what the steward can give us."

As soon as they were seated over a glass of grog, Lugard took Schouten into his confidence, and asked him not to let any of his people on shore until after the brig had left.

The old man grinned and smacked the American on the shoulder. "Dond you haf no fears, my friends; I vill do as you vish. Und you vill do the same by me, eh?"

Lugard nodded at him approvingly.

"You haf nod forgodden dot I, too, haf some passengers on mine schipp?" asked Schouten, with an atrocious wink; "und dot dey mide not pe too anxious to meet any peoples who come from Sydney?"

"Ah, yes, I remember now."

"Und look you, Captain Lugard; I vill tell you dis," and he lowered his voice and said that only half an hour previously, as he was scanning the brig and the tent through his glass, "Mr. and Mrs. Thompson" had come on deck and inquired the name of the stranded vessel. Schouten told them, and added that he would lower a boat and visit her, as there was a man on board who was a friend of his—an American who had come to Sydney from Batavia in the *Leeuwarden*—a Captain Lugard.

"Whom did you say?" Mr. Thompson had asked sharply.

Schouten repeated the name, and then, to use his own words; the lady went "as vite as a ghost, und drembled all over," and her husband had to take her below. "Then," the good-natured Dutchman went on to say, "the lady's husband come to me und say, 'Mynheer Schouten, vill you do me the good favour, und I vill pay you fifty poundts. I do not vant Captain Lugard—who is a goot gentlemans enough—to see me; so my wife und myself vill keep to our cabins.'"

"Poor devils!"

"Und I doid him dot he need haf no fears, und dot I did not vant any fifty poundts nor fifty schillings; und dot as soon as I had sent me oop mine new royal masts und top-gallant masts, I would sail me away quickly."

"You need not hurry on our account," said Lugard, grasping his hand. "You can tell your passengers that this brig will not be here for three hours longer. Now, tell us how you have fared in this gale?"

Half an hour later the Dutch captain bade Lugard and Carroll farewell, and returned to his ship, and just as darkness fell the crew of the little brig manned her windlass, and with a rousing chanty lifted her anchor as the topsails were loosed, hoisted, and sheeted home. Then Carroll canted her off to starboard, and she slowly passed close under the high, square stern of the larger vessel—so closely and so slowly that Helen, looking out from her own window, could have seen into the spacious, well-lighted cabin through the two wide ports were it not for the scarlet curtains with which they were draped to keep out the night air. But suddenly those of the port nearest to Helen were drawn aside, and a fair face appeared—the face of Ida Lathom. For a moment or

two they looked at each other in silent amazement, then the curtains were drawn swiftly together again, and the *Palmyra* passed ahead, out to the open sea.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A soft air, carrying with it the sweet, earthy smell of the rich red soil of the mountain forest, crept down to the sea, and slowly dispelled the thin haze that had lain upon it ever since sunset.

It was just before dawn, and only the steady pacing of the officer on watch broke the silence of the deck as Lugard, who had been sleeping on the top of the skylight, rose, went to the break of the poop, and leant over the fife rail, where he was presently joined by Carroll, who came from below.

"Still calm," said Lugard.

"Aye, but we ought to get a breeze this morning. Can you still see the Dutchman?"

"No, but we shall as soon as the mist lifts a bit. Ha! there he is," and Lugard pointed to the indistinct outline of the *Leeuwarden* about three miles away.

It was the fourteenth day after the brig had left Trial Bay. For the first week she had run along the coast at a great rate before the strong south-easter, then came light winds, and finally, when within sixty miles of the chain of low, sandy islets called Wreck Reef, a dead calm, which so far had lasted for thirty-six hours. On the previous afternoon the Dutch barque had been sighted coming up astern, but the wind failed her also, and during the night both vessels had lain becalmed. Lugard was not surprised at the appearance of the barque, for Schouten had told him that he meant to go north about round New Caledonia, believing that by so doing he would make a quicker passage to Valparaiso than by beating to the eastward.

Lugard was now quite certain that it was Ida Lathom who was Wray's companion, for ten minutes after the brig had passed the barque in Trial Bay, Helen had come to him on deck, and, placing her hand on his arm, had asked him if Captain Schouten's wife was with him on the *Leeuwarden*.

"No," he replied.

"Then are there any women passengers?" she asked.

"There is one," he answered evasively.

"I saw her. She drew aside the curtains of a stern window. I had a good view of her face, and—and she was so exactly like Miss Lathom that I thought I must be dreaming. She looked across to me, and I fancied I saw her lips move as if to speak; then suddenly the blinds were drawn together again."

"You have had much to trouble you of late, Miss Adair," said Lugard gravely; "and the great sorrow you have just experienced would no doubt bring back to your memory people and scenes—"

"I know what you mean," she interrupted; "but the resemblance was so startling that for the next few minutes I was quite unnerved. Of course, it must have been the lady passenger. I wonder who she is."

"A Mrs. Thompson—so Schouten told me," he answered, with a little assumed impatience.

"It was a very beautiful face—" began Helen, when he turned sharply away from her and called to the second mate, who was for'ard.

"All right, Mr. Dawson, I am coming!" And he disappeared down the poop-ladder, and Helen saw him no more that night.

And as he leant on the fife-rail smoking his pipe,

dreamily gazing out upon the smooth, sleeping ocean, and thinking of the events of the past year, of Lathom and his beautiful niece, of Wray and the scene at the Currency Lass, and of Helen—always of Helen—his musings were broken by the mate telling him that a sail was in sight to the northward, hull down. Taking his glass, he went for'ard, and went aloft on the fore-topgallant yard.

In the quiet cabin of the brig two persons were seated together on the transom-locker—Helen and Vincent Hewitt. She, always of early habits, was generally on deck soon after sunrise, but this morning she had seated herself on the comfortably cushioned transoms which ran close to the two square, old-fashioned ports, and, leaning her face on her hand, was watching

eyes, "you must not be angry. You will soon be my wife—"

"Stop, Vincent," she said gently but steadily; "you will remember that on the morning after our escape, when you asked me to be your wife, I told you that although I had always loved you as my cousin, I had never thought of you as a husband. And, Vincent dear, do not ask me again. It grieves me to hurt you."

The man's face paled. "Surely, Helen, you cannot mean it! Almost the last words your father spoke to us was a wish that when we reached America we should be married."

"I know it, Vincent," said the girl, as her eyes filled with tears. "Do you think I shall ever forget anything

that he said to me at that time? 'Dear child,' he said, 'Vincent loves you well, and if you love him in return it would make me happy to know that when you reach America you will be his wife. But if the love is all on your side, Vincent, and her affection for you is but that of a cousin, you must not persuade Helen against her will—that would be wrong.'"

Hewitt was silent for a few moments. Then, as he looked at her pale, sad face, a great pity filled his heart, and he resolved to say no more to her until she was brighter and stronger. But hope was strong within him that he would yet win her. He would wait patiently.

"You must forgive me, Helen," he said, pressing his lips to her hand, "but you have always been in my heart—always, even when in Van Diemen's Land, when my heavy irons were cutting more into my soul than into my flesh; for it was the hope of seeing you once more that kept me from ending my misery by taking my own life, as many a poor devil did down there in that abode of horror—Port Arthur. And I can never forget those old days in Ireland, when you and I were boy and girl lovers, and—"

"Don't, Vincent," she said pleadingly; "I cannot bear to think of those old, happy days. We have all suffered—you most of all, for father told me that he was never ironed, nor subjected to any of the awful cruelties inflicted upon so many other prisoners—and yet my sufferings, which were but little compared with yours, seem to have blotted all the happy memories of my childhood out of my mind for ever. So do not speak of those past days, dear Vincent. And think of me only as one who loves you for the ties of kinship that bind us, and for all that we—father, you, and

I—have endured in common. Don't ask me to marry you"—she leant forward and kissed him on his sun-burnt forehead—"but take me safely to Uncle Walter, who will surely give me a home now that father is dead, and he has no child of his own. Oh, Vincent, life is very dull and grey and sad to me now!"

"I would give my life for you, Helen," he said huskily.

"I know it, Vincent. Now, please go on deck and I will follow you in a minute."

A heavy footstep sounded on the companion steps, and Carroll entered the cabin.

"Good morning, Miss Adair. Coming on deck to take your usual sun-bath? There is another ship in sight."

"Is she near?" asked Hewitt.

"No, you can't see much of her from the deck, but Captain Lugard has just been aloft, and says she is a brigantine."

(To be continued.)



"Mr. and Mrs. Thompson" had come on deck.

the gambols of some small fish playing about the rudder, when she was joined by her cousin.

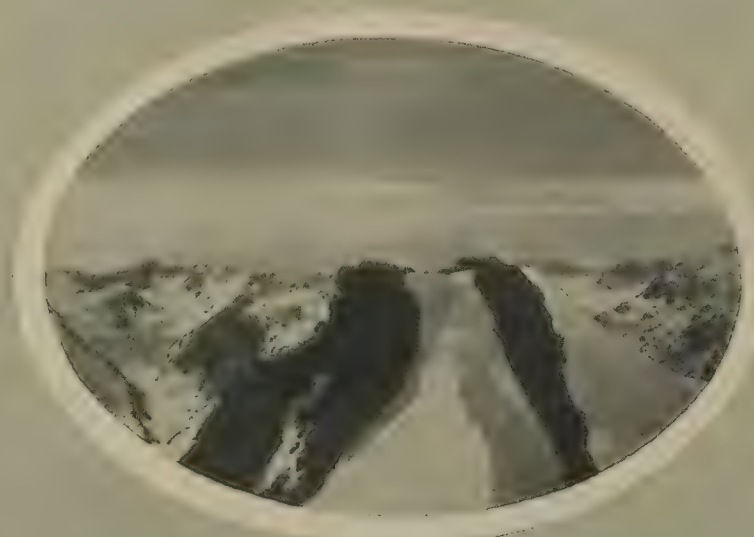
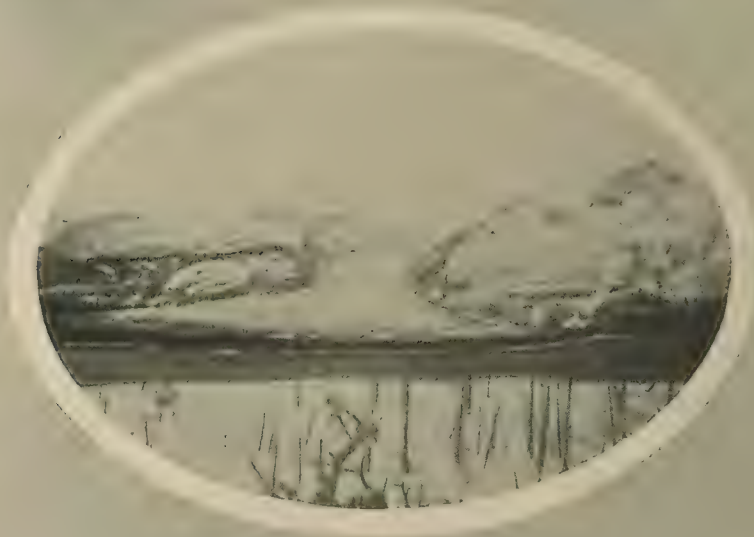
"Not coming on deck, Helen? The sun is well up, and the sea is as smooth as glass."

"No, Vincent. I shall stay here for awhile. Do look at these fish; see how they dart about the rudder every time it moves. Come here, beside me; there is plenty of room."

He sat, or rather knelt, beside her, and as his face came close to hers, he kissed her lips. Something like a flash of anger tinged her cheek, and she drew quickly away from him. When her father was dying, and after his death, and when her heart was wrung with grief, her cousin had often kissed her, and she had kissed him, as a brother and sister would kiss when some mutual sorrow had befallen them, but the kiss he had just given her was that of a lover.

"Helen dear," said Hewitt, taking her hand, and his handsome face glowed as he gazed into her dark

THE SITTING OF THE ALASKA BOUNDARY COMMISSION AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE:
SCENES IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.



ONE OF THE HIGHEST POINTS IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY: MOUNT DAVIDSON.

ONE OF THE CHIEF WATERWAYS IN DISPUTE: THE MOUTH OF THE
CHILKAT RIVER.

THE BEST HARBOUR IN DISPUTE: PYRAMID HARBOUR.

THE MOST IMPORTANT WATERWAY UNDER DISCUSSION: THE LYNN CANAL.

AT THE HEAD OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

THE LINE OF THE PROVISIONAL BOUNDARY: THE JUNCTION OF THE KILIAN
AND CHILKAT RIVERS.

ON THE PROVISIONAL BOUNDARY: ICEBERGS IN GLACIER BAY.

THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



AUTOMOBILISM IN FRANCE: THE STRANGE DISGUISE OF THE FAIR CHAUFFEUSE.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



THE MOTOR-MASK IN PARIS: THE WEIRD SPECTACLE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDGE OF SURESNES ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

The vagaries of the motor-mask have produced in Paris incredible forms of hideousness, and many of the prettiest women in Society are now equipped for automobile expeditions in face-gear that resembles in many cases the awe-inspiring costume of the brothers of the Misericordia who in southern towns perform the last offices for the dead.

FROM LONDON SLUMS TO THE HEALTH-GIVING SEA.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE.



THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF OCEAN: A RAGGED CHILDREN'S PICNIC TO THE SEASIDE.

During the season now at a close, many charitable organisations have sent thousands of slum children to the seaside or the country; and none of the funds has done better work than that set afoot by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the publisher.

A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

Man and Superman. By G. Bernard Shaw. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)
The Mettle of the Pasture. By James Lane Allen. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
Alarms and Excursions. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
A Few Remarks. By Simeon Ford. (London: W. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)
Travel Sketches. By Seimmal Eisroth. (London: Elliot Stock. 10s. 6d.)
Tintoretto. By J. B. Stoughton Holborn, B.A., Oxon., F.R.G.S. (London: Bell and Sons. 5s.)
Sport on the Blue Nile. By Isaac C. Johnson. (London: Robert Banks.)

Mr. Bernard Shaw is, or has been, a bit of nearly everything—socialist, economist, novelist, dramatist, journalist, egoist—especially egoist. Little remains for him except to be appointed Superman in some State sufficiently adventurous to take him at his own valuation. Meanwhile, he writes plays, and makes Mr. A. B. Walkley responsible for the present volume, the outcome, says Mr. Shaw, of a suggestion that he should write a play on the eternal theme of Don Juan. Mr. Walkley has probably forgotten the weak moment in which he proposed this, and he must have groaned to find himself addressed in an Epistle Dedicatory, followed by the dullest composition that ever called itself a comedy in four acts. Mr. Shaw suffers as a dramatist from incapacity to draw any character but one. This individual figures in "Man and Superman" under the name of Tanner, a wild person who makes long, rambling, and inconsequent speeches, and is eventually married by the lady who exemplifies Mr. Shaw's philosophy that woman, not man, is the pursuing animal. He expounds this in the Epistle for the benefit of the unfortunate Mr. Walkley. Don Juan, he says, is dead, and is succeeded by Donna Juana. Shakspeare, it seems, knew the great truth that woman is the aggressor in love; hence the "coming-on" disposition of Rosalind and others. Mr. Shaw concedes the priority of this discovery to Shakspeare; but for the rest maintains his well-known belief in the superiority of his intellect to that of the man who wrote "Hamlet." This has ceased to be amusing, and yet in the Epistle there is little else. To the play we have a sort of epilogue, called "The Revolutionist's Handbook," which explains Mr. Shaw in epigrams. Epigrams are commonly debatable, and often false. Mr. Shaw's are no exceptions to the rule. Very young men may be dazzled by this sort of thing: "When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when the tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity. The distinction between Crime and Justice is no greater." The adolescent cynic of a debating society will find this profound: "While we have prisons it matters little which of us occupy the cells." The one real passion of Mr. Shaw's life is to contradict somebody or something; so we have the definition of decency as "Indecency's Conspiracy of Silence." This is confusing enough to have been written by the late Mr. Whistler.

Mr. James Lane Allen's new work will not enhance his reputation as a novelist, though the beauty of its diction, the warm colouring of its descriptions, its unerring appreciation of the harmonies and subtleties of Nature, are worthy of the author of "The Increasing Purpose." His sympathy with the wider world shows, in fact, a Wordsworthian sensibility; but, in spite of many shrewd observations of human idiosyncrasies, his plot and characters are not equal to their setting. A young man who confesses a sin of his youth to the girl he has asked to marry him is placed before us as an example of the true American, who would speak truth, and act truth, even to lose his hopes of happiness. This, to use the Shaksperian phrase from which Mr. Allen has taken his title, proves the "mettle of the pasture." Unfortunately, the girl, who is evidently intended to represent the latest seed of Transatlantic culture, discards him when she hears his story, and only relents when her attitude has brought him to physical ruin. It is impossible not to lose patience with the artificialities which bring about this situation, and with the selfishness of the young woman, whose care for her own delicate standards permits her to inflict so much pain upon the man she loves. Indeed, one of the most remarkable things about this book is the unflattering light in which, while evidently unconscious of his action, the author places his younger women. They show *their* mettle in a naive egotism, in an arbitrary abuse of the privileges which a noble conspiracy of their menfolk seems to have accorded them. The older people are more human, and so more convincing; but the stilted improbabilities of the central motive weigh heavily against them. "The Mettle of the Pasture" is a very uneven piece of work for a man of Mr. Allen's talent, and the richness of its happier passages is in strange contrast to its unsatisfactory construction.

Mr. Marriott Watson has a delicate sense of character which is not present in "Alarms and Excursions." Perhaps he has deliberately put it aside, the title of this collection of short stories implying nothing but bustling incident. But incident without character grows fatiguing. We lose all interest in the prosperous gentleman who becomes an outcast because he is silly enough to accept an invitation from a perfect stranger to enter a house at night, and sign his name to a document he has not read. He thinks he is merely witnessing a signature, whereas he is signing a letter which lures another man to the same spot to be murdered. Finding himself the victim of a trick, the prosperous gentleman hits the murderer under the ear and kills him. Then, with the circumstantial evidence of two dead bodies against him, he flees from blind justice, and is more and more entangled in other people's crimes. All this leads to no solution whatever, and when Mr. Marriott Watson is tired of the job, we are exasperated by its futility. He simply applies his admirable

literary talent to a series of "penny dreadfuls." This is a sad descent for one of Stevenson's most faithful disciples. Mr. Watson should know that to lose sight of character, even in the most fantastic moments, would have been regarded by his master as sinning against the light.

Mr. Simeon Ford is announced as a new American humorist, new to this side of the ocean. But we seem to detect in Mr. Ford's "remarks" the faded bloom of a very familiar kind of fun. Take this: "All the married men will agree with me that at no time does woman rise to such sublime heights of eloquence as in the still watches of the night, when her poor, overworked, patient husband pursues his winding way homeward, and endeavours to pick the front door lock with a blue chip which he has neglected to cash in." This is probably the oldest joke in the world, although its age is clothed in the obscurity of a foreign language. Mr. Ford does not write English. "A blue chip which he has neglected to cash in" is American, and may be intelligible to Mr. Ford's publisher. When Mr. Ford wishes to express his admiration of the American naval officers engaged in the Spanish war, this is how he puts it: "There is no doubt that Admirals Sampson and Schley and their fellows done noble." Mr. Ford dislikes "bloomers" for women, but we must, as gentlemen, protest against his delicate way of protesting. These are average specimens of Mr. Ford's "remarks," and we hope Mr. Heinemann will import no more of them.

The author of "Travel Sketches" has visited Egypt and Greece, and his visits have been deemed sufficient justification for the book. We do not think that many readers will justify the author. So far as equipment for the making of a book is concerned, Mr. Seimmal Eisroth seems to have been satisfied with a camera. If indifferent photographs would make an interesting book, "Travel Sketches" might be commended; if reminiscences of guide-books and second-class journalism sufficed for the literary side of the work, there would be no complaint to make when the illustrations had been condemned. Unfortunately, photographs are common, and undistinguished writing is more common still, and the combination can hardly be pleasing to the least critical eye or ear. It is not difficult to understand that many tourists, whose friends have not travelled, are eager to record their experiences, however commonplace, and we have no fault to find with the weakness. At the same time, such books, being of a purely local and personal interest, should be printed for private circulation only. They are not strong enough to survive in the race for popular favour.

Mr. Holborn, in his biography of Jacopo Robusti, called Tintoretto, had a fresher subject than has sometimes fallen to the contributors to the "Great Masters" Series. It is strange that no more has been written of so prolific a painter. Surely never have the works of an artist, undeniably among the greatest, gained so sparse a commentary as that accorded to the almost immeasurable paint-surface spread by Tintoretto's mighty brush. Therefore, Mr. Holborn's book is necessarily welcome—it has for subject, Tintoretto! And Tintoretto, with sixteenth-century Venice for his background, cannot fail to be interesting, whoever holds the recording pen. We may complain that Mr. Holborn has made Tintoretto's story and praise too much the story and dispraise of Titian. Geniuses so great as the genius of Titian and as the genius of Tintoretto must needs have each a firmament to itself. Two such suns could not occupy only one sky; and yet Mr. Holborn continually jostles them together—is for ever matching the light of the one against the light of the other. Undoubtedly Mr. Holborn stands excused for so doing in many cases, most notably in that of the two "Presentations in the Temple." There, indeed, we could have wished for a more industrious search into the relations of two pictures so curiously alike. What unguessed bonds—unguessed in spite of Tintoretto's artistic formula, "Michael Angelo's drawing, Titian's colour"—must have existed between minds which experienced so similar an inspiration! But Mr. Holborn is rather the destroyer than the formulator of such bonds. His Tintoretto must be proved to outshine the world's Titian. For Mr. Holborn the two Venetian masters may not shine with equal though with different lights. Nor may they shine in proximity—the master of form and colour with the master of colour and form. Many of the illustrations in the handy volume have the charm of being after but rarely reproduced masterpieces.

The Soudan, as a shooting-ground, will probably become better known ere long, as it deserves to be. Mr. Johnson, in his introductory chapter to "Sport on the Blue Nile," points out that the ravages of the Dervishes during many years have entirely depopulated large areas of country, and that wild animals of all kinds have been suffered to overrun what were formerly cultivated lands, and to multiply practically without disturbance. The author, who appears to have served his novitiate as a big-game hunter in this six months' trip up the Blue Nile, must be congratulated on the success with which he overcame the numerous difficulties thrown in his way. He secured the two elephants permitted by his license, and, what we should reckon more conspicuous feathers in his cap, four lions; to say nothing of various antelopes and other game. He complains that the Egyptian Government strictly reserve all the best grounds for their own officials, forbidding the stranger to enter these areas at all. However that may be, Mr. Johnson made good use of the opportunities afforded him despite the trying incompetence of his native followers, whose combined recklessness and nervousness might, on more than one occasion, have brought disaster upon their employer or themselves. Some of the numerous illustrations from photographs are exceedingly good, but others might without loss have been omitted. The book would have been the better for careful revision before it was placed in the printer's hands.

THE NEW COCKNEY IN LITERATURE.

As a productive force in literature, the Cockney has always been, with or without his consent, a storm-centre of controversy. That he stands for something the reverse of academic need be no barrier to the excellence of his performance. As a "Cockney" John Keats was branded, and while the whole Cockney school, including as it did Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Godwin, "Peter Pindar," Holcroft, Mary Wollstonecraft, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Jane Porter, writhed under the nickname *Blackwood* bestowed and Southey used, it nevertheless went on adding its not inconsiderable contribution to English literature. In a sense, even Lamb must take his place in this gallery, and endure North's half-contemptuous classification; but a historian who follows the tradition has reasonably enough admitted that Elia and his sister must be regarded as exceptions, for there was about them a picturesqueness, a natural graciousness and "gentility" (that is the only word: take it in its eighteenth-century usage and it suffices), that lift them above "that little world of literature hopelessly plebeian and narrow, self-asserting and self-repeating," which constituted "the lower circle." Lamb, too, pre-eminent as he is from his natural perfection of style, had learned something at Christ's Hospital, and the salt of education that never degenerates into pedantry saves his writing from that *je ne sais quoi* of lost background and faulty perspective which is the besetting defect of mere self-trained ability, however brilliant.

But it is less with the Cockney as producer than with the Cockney produced in literature that we are here concerned, and particularly with the most recent manifestations of the type in fiction. From Sam Weller to Mr. Pett Ridge's "Erb" (Methuen) it is a far cry, and yet not so very far after all; for although time has in this instance, as in others, worked wonders, it is still possible to trace an affinity amid wide dissimilarities between the faithful dependent of Mr. Pickwick and the no less trusty but independent latter-day carman and labour agitator.

The axiom "The individual dies, but the type remains," seems in the present case to have become inverted. The type shadowed forth in Weller is dead or dying, but the individual is equally alive in both Sam and Erb, though in Erb it has grown more self-conscious, more self-assertive. In speech the two are curiously distinct. Sam, who owed nothing to the Board school, becomes, with his long-drawn sentences, almost stately and rhetorical when compared with Erb, the child of popular education, in whom brevity is indeed the soul of wit. Yet in essence the repartee of the one is akin to that of the other. Both spring from natural humour, the gift of parody, an alert observation, and abounding common-sense.

"I was a better lookin' chap than you," called the foreman hotly, "once."

"Once ain't often," said Erb.

The new Cockney dialect, of course, is almost another language, and could Weller return to the Borough, whence Mr. Pickwick took him, and there meet Erb, otherwise Mr. Herbert Barnes (who until recently lived and moved and had his being in that choicé neighbourhood also, but now has married and gone into business "on his own" in Wandsworth, if not into Parliament, which last is imminent), the two would assuredly be occasionally at a loss. The "viths" and "werys," and the "spell it with a 'we,' Sammy," of the younger and elder Wellers have vanished—some, indeed, deny that they were ever to be found except in Dickens, or, haply, in "Villikins and his Dinah"—and in their place is the fantastic jugglery with the letters "a" and "o" and the curious *crasis* which disguises an original group of words under some such symbol as Mr. Pett Ridge's own cabalistic "Mordemly."

But it is unfair to Erb to impute to him a perseverance in such lingual shortcomings. His were not the ideals of the guileless Sam, who, for all his choice impudence, is implicitly faithful to that precious politico-social prayer—

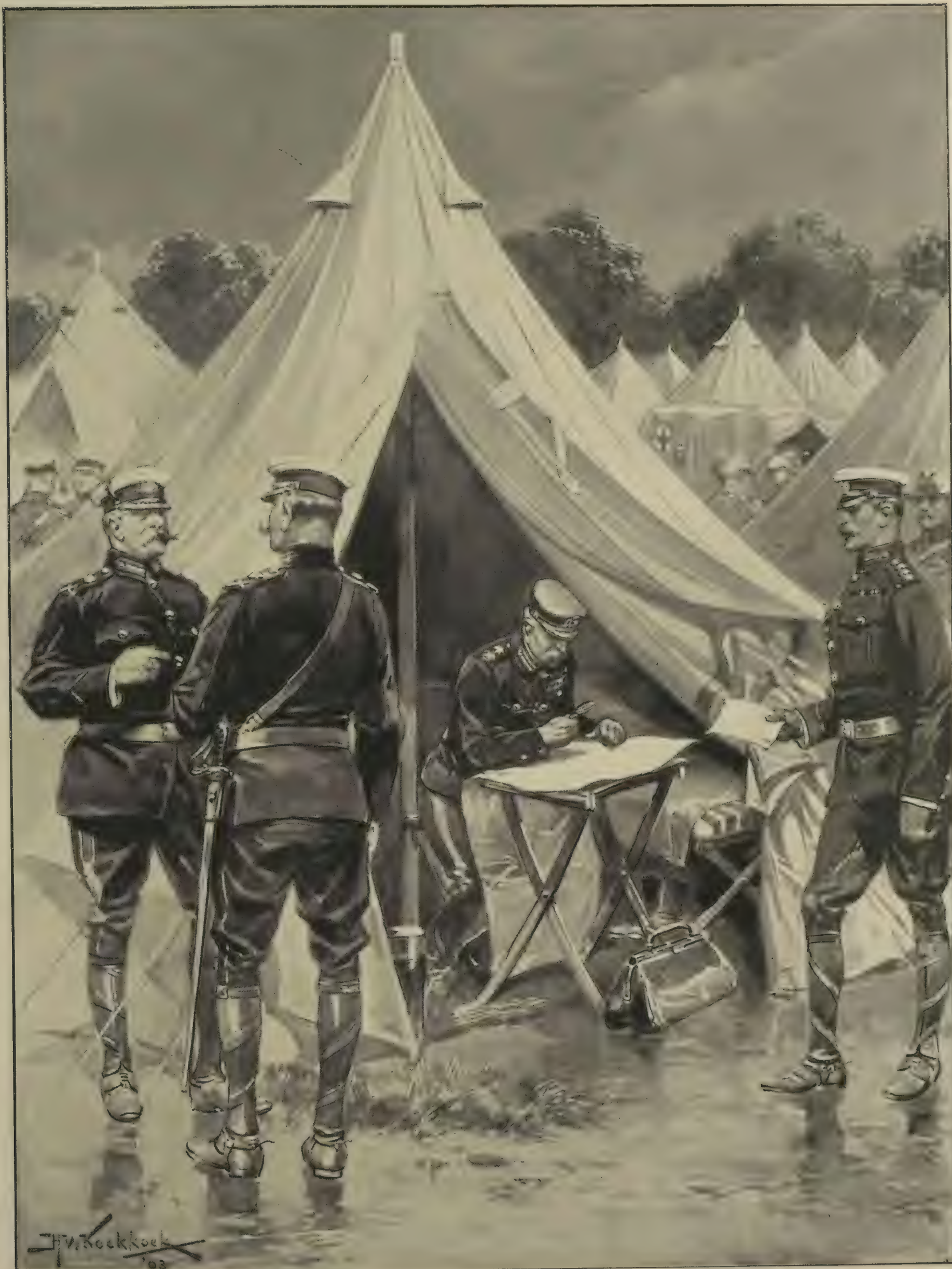
God bless the squire and his relations,

And keep us in our proper stations.

Mr. Herbert Barnes, of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, has learned a more excellent way. Our carman-demagogue, whom the reader first meets haranguing a South London crowd from a kitchen chair, knows the value of a man as compared with a capitalist. He knows, too, the value of the spoken word and the urgent necessity for aspirates in a leader of men. So to a professor of elocution he betakes himself, and there achieves so passable a method of pronunciation that the professor's daughter does not look askance at him. Erb's glib references to "John Stuart Mill, Professor Wallace, and Robert Owen and goodness knows what all," would leave poor Weller fairly gasping. From this it is but a step to a paid secretaryship of a trade union. He penetrates, even to a lordly dinner-table in Eaton Square as the honoured guest of a proletariat-loving young lady of quality. That Erb's sister should be a retainer of the house is no barrier to this hopeful mingling of the masses with the classes; and the brother's solecism of springing from the table to shake hands with his kinswoman only further declares him the good though blatant fellow he is. His social intercourse with the aristocracy and the unreasoning fickleness of his "society" (the Railway Carmen's) mollify and modify his views of high and low. We leave him, therefore, seeking for a time retirement from the vortex of public life. But the Erbs of this age are not long in abeyance: they see the doors of St. Stephen's open to the framer of speeches (so he be deft enough), and thither our newest Cockney in fiction is certainly tending. The professor of elocution to correct his grosser errors of speech, the labour society to train him in business, the Park as a Demos-thenic exercise-ground, and the spirit of Sam Weller to point his repartee what new vigour may not Erb, M.P., when he gathers in force at Westminster, impart to the weary old Mother of Parliaments?

THE GREAT WAR-GAME IN THE WEST COUNTRY: WITH THE INVADERS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOECKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD.



THE STRATEGIC PROBLEM: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD COMPLETING HIS PLANS FOR THE ATTACK ON LONDON.

During nearly the whole of September 13, while the Blue, or invading, force was encamped at Corsham, its commander, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, was immersed in maps and plans, devising a scheme to outwit the wily defender of London, General Sir John French.

THE GREAT WAR-GAME IN THE WEST COUNTRY: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD'S MIMIC ATTACK ON LONDON, AND GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH'S DEFENCE.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD; AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KNIGHT.



THE FIRST PRISONER, CAUGHT IN A STABLE AT LUDGERS HALL BY THE 14TH HUSSARS.

ADMIRABLE COVER.

IN THE FIELD KITCHEN: OFFICERS OF THE COLDESTREAM GUARDS DISHING UP THEIR OWN LUNCH.

RETRESHMENT BY THE WAY: BEER FOR THE RANK AND FILE.

AFTER A FORCED MARCH: A PATROL OF THE 14TH HUSSARS AT ANDOVER.

A SWIFT TELEGRAPHIC INSTALLATION: ENGINEERS AT KEMMOTT CONNECTING THE HEADQUARTERS CAMP WITH THE TRUNK LINE (THE POLE BEING ERECTED AND THE WIRE STRETCHED IN FIVE MINUTES).

GENERAL FRENCH'S BALLOON READY FOR RECONNOITRING.

A CURIOUS COALITION: WOOD FOR GENERAL FRENCH.

THOMAS ATKINS'S FIELD BATH-ROOM: THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS USING THE NEW CANVAS WASHING-TROUGH.

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN FIELD-COOKING: THE SWISS STOVE FOR PREPARING FOOD ON THE MARCH.

THE POMPOM OF THE 14TH HUSSARS IN ACTION.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE PARTRIDGE - SHOOTING SEASON.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

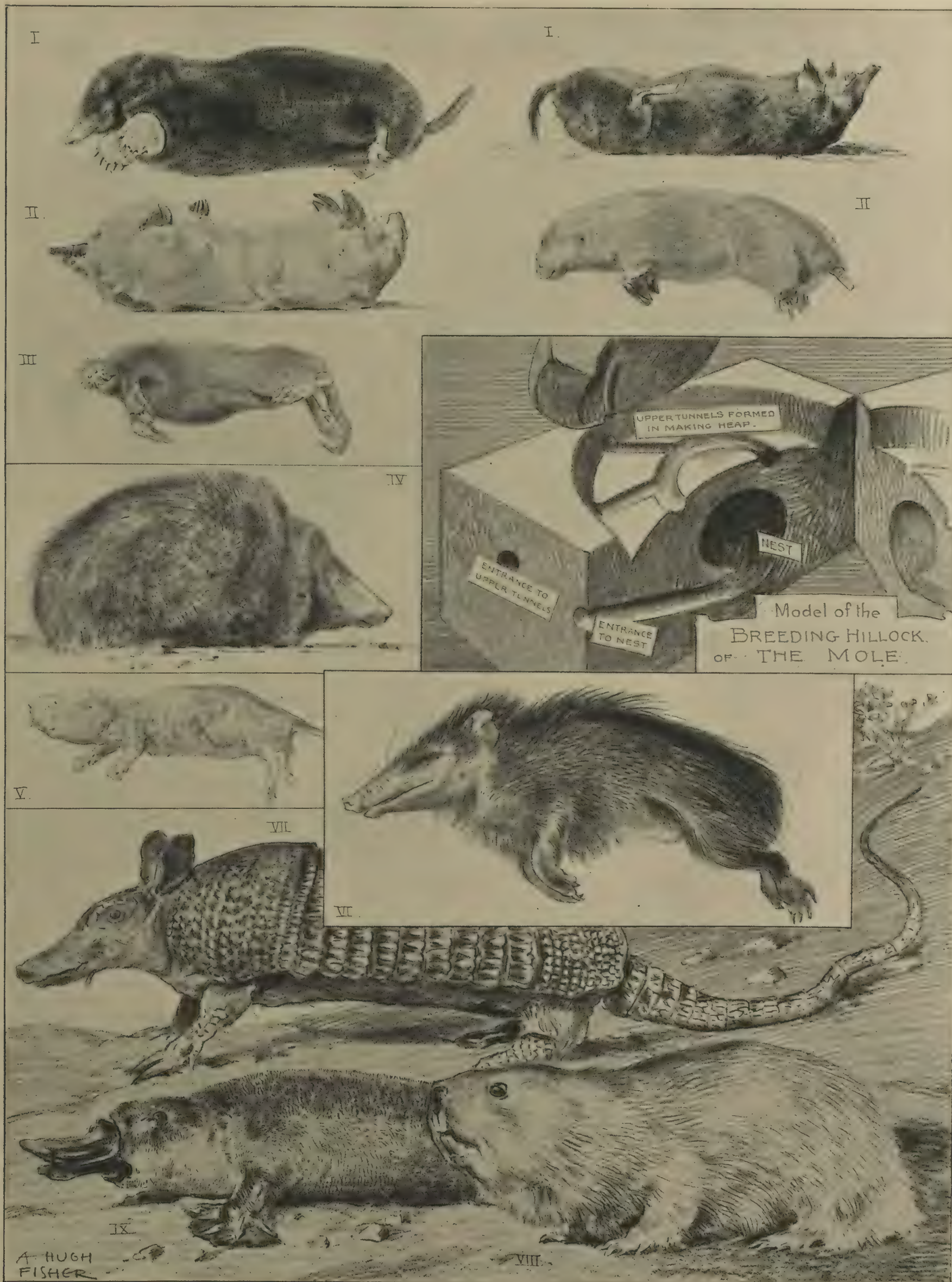


BIRDS IN MID-SEPTEMBER PLUMAGE.

This drawing represents a covey of partridges early in the season, before the birds have attained their full plumage. This the young ones will not do completely until about the end of September. Until that time there will be a good sprinkling of the nestling plumage mixed up with the fully adult feathers, the feathers on the head and neck being, as a rule, the last to be shed. These nestling feathers, being pale brown with a lighter streak down the centre of each (except on the back and wings, where they are more or less barred across), are very conspicuous among the full-coloured and marked adult plumage. The drawing shows this changed state, and also shows the difference in plumage of the sexes of the two old birds. In the young birds, too, the different sexes are shown by the distinctive markings of the newly moulted feathers.

A NEW EXHIBIT, AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: BURROWING MAMMALS.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. COMMON MOLE (TALPA EUROPEA).

2. MARSUPIAL MOLE (NOTORYCTES TYPHLOPS).

3. STAR-NOSED MOLE (CONDYLURA CRISTATA).

4. GOLDEN MOLE (CHRYSOCHLORIS TREVELYANI).

5. NAKED SAND-RAT (HETERO-CEPHALUS GLABER).

6. TENREC (CENTETES ECAUDATUS).

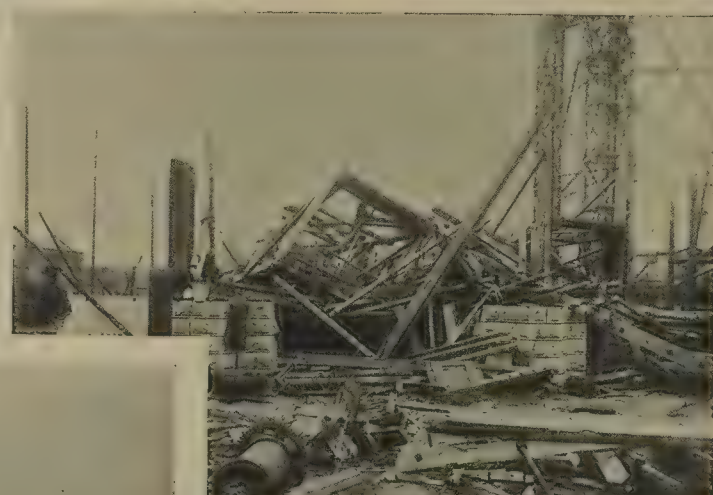
7. ARMADILLO (TATUSIA NOVMCINCTA).

8. BAMBOO RAT (RHIZOMYS CHINENSIS).

9. ORNITHORHYNCHUS ANATINUS.

This group of burrowing mammalia shows how the digging habit tends to the production of superficial resemblances between widely different groups. (See the Article.)

THE GREAT SEPTEMBER GALE: SCENES OF DEVASTATION ROUND THE COAST.



THE REMAINS OF THE BEACH PAVILION, HASTINGS.—[Photo. Atkins.]

THE DAMAGE TO CARLISLE PARADE, HASTINGS.—[Photo. Atkins.]

A REMARKABLE EFFECT AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE: A YACHT THIRTY FEET LONG CARRIED UNDA-
MAGED OVER THE PROMENADE BY A BIG WAVE.—[Photo. Fisher.]

SHELTERS DESTROYED ON THE BEACH AT DOVER.—[Photo. Weston.]

THE DAMAGE TO THE HEAVY MASONRY OF THE SEA-FRONT AT DOVER.—[Photo. Weston.]

THE WRECK OF THE SCOTCH CRANE, ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH, AT BRISTOL.—[Photo. Smith.]

THE WRECK OF A NEW GASOMETER AT PORTSMOUTH.—[Photo. Cribb.]

WRECKED BATHING-MACHINES AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—[Photo. Fisher.]

PIER AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—[Photo. Smith.]

THE WRECK-STREWN COAST: FRAGMENTS COMING ASHORE AT SOUTHSEA.—[Photo. Cribb.]

AN ARTISTIC HOTEL IN THE NORTH.

One day, perhaps, some sociologist, dropping from the higher altitudes of his science, may condescend to write a chapter on the evolution of the hotel. This should be attractive reading. Not to go back to the inns of the Middle Ages, or to the roadside hostelrys of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there has been quite enough change in our own times to provide material for an interesting narrative and some philosophical deductions. Half a century has worked wonders. Compare the hotel accommodation of London in the early 'fifties with what it is to-day. Contrast the old dingy, low-ceilinged, stuffy, badly furnished hotels of two generations ago with such magnificent establishments as the Carlton. Nor is the process of evolution confined to London. The provinces are waking up. There has just been opened in Manchester a new hotel, erected by the enterprise of the Midland Railway Company, which, in its decoration and all its arrangements for the comfort and convenience of some hundreds of guests, is not surpassed, even if it be equalled, in any city of the world. Where evolution is at work one should never talk of the "last word"; and it would be absurd to say that in this vast and beautiful palace, with its exquisite rooms decorated by Waring and Gillow, the final note has been struck in hotel development. But for some years at least it will be difficult—very likely impossible—even for Waring and Gillow themselves to excel what they have done here. And their work "crowns" an admirable edifice. In the practical hands of Mr. Towle, the manager of the Midland Company's Hotels, it was certain that everything which experience, ingenuity, and forethought could suggest would be carried out; that the most modern spirit would prevail everywhere; that the planning would be perfect, the appointments up-to-date, the organisation faultless. Manchester may plume itself on this grand enterprise. It is now in the very front rank of the hotel movement. People may make caustic remarks about its weather, its leaden skies, its murky atmosphere, its architecturally unimportant streets; but they have no alternative but to go into raptures over the exquisite interior of its new hotel. They can step straight from the ugly streets, whose most interesting feature is their throbbing industrial activity, into rooms which reproduce, now the gilded salons of France during the *ancien régime*, and now the stately grace of eighteenth-century English drawing-rooms, with the fine proportions and



THE GRAND COFFEE-ROOM, BY WARING AND GILLOW.

Louis XIV. style. This room is nearly oval in shape, and the walls are panelled in oak and tapestry, with painted medallions over the tapestry panels. The fine chimney-piece is of green marble. The soft, creamy, glazed ceiling is perfectly plain, but behind the cornice there is an arrangement of concealed electrolights which gives a very beautiful and soft effect to the lighting of the room. The furniture is in the style of the period, which breathes the atmosphere of France so effectively that one seems to be transported into a charming salon in Paris. This exquisite room will no doubt be very welcome to the many Continental visitors whom the commerce of Manchester attracts.

Reference has been made to the two English rooms of the Royal Suite. There are also two French rooms. The Louis Seize Drawing-room is a white and yellow treatment, the white woodwork with ormolu ornaments being filled with panels of striped yellow silk. In the Empire Writing-room, silk panels, bordered with red cut velvet, are used for the walls, the cornice and the dado being in white, enriched with gold ornaments. The furniture is of mahogany with ormolu mounts, and the chimney-piece is also decorated with ormolu mounts. The beautiful Italian Lounge, with arched corridors, in marble and white, handsomely gilt, promises to become a very fashionable resort for afternoon tea and after-dinner coffee; for it is truly delightful in its decoration—a bit of the South, transported, it would almost seem, into the midst of Manchester's grime and smoke.

Space does not allow of particular mention of the private sitting-rooms and bed-rooms done by the same eminent firm. In all respects its work commands the highest approval. The colour-schemes are various, but always refined, harmonious, soft, and pleasing to the most æsthetic taste. Manchester has good reason to be proud of this great new hotel, which combines in an eminently modern fashion commercial forethought and practical knowledge with perfection of taste and artistic beauty. Waring and Gillow, in their important contribution to this brilliant hotel achievement, have again scored heavily. Their success is always so pronounced, and they heap triumph on triumph so rapidly, that one wonders what new worlds will be left for them to conquer—what further gilding they can possibly give to the refined gold of their unique and wonderful masterpieces of decoration!



THE OCTAGON LOUNGE, BY WARING AND GILLOW.

refined ornament of the beautiful Georgian and Adams styles. You can lounge in an arcaded Italian Palm Court, domed to the skies, or dine in an oak-panelled restaurant recalling the opulent age of Louis XIV., or take your meal in a magnificent Georgian coffee-room, or smoke your cigar in a charming Elizabethan smoking-room, or handle the cue in a Jacobean billiard-room, or join the ladies in a white Adams drawing-room which is a dream of simple yet exquisite beauty. And this in Manchester—Manchester with its clouded and unkindly climate, its restless pulsations of trade, its harshly dominant utilitarianism! Truly, evolution is at work.

The artistic character of the decorations carried out by Waring and Gillow is, next to the practical perfection of the hotel, its most significant and captivating feature. In the English rooms they have simply surpassed all their previous efforts. The Grand Coffee-room, with its walls and pillars panelled in an unpolished dark mahogany, richly ornamented with ormolu scrolls and arabesques, its ornate modelled plaster ceiling in high relief, its great Georgian chimney-piece, surmounted with an oil-painted portrait of Prince Charlie and flanked with two large panels of tapestry, its noble service tables, and other furniture *en suite*, is an apartment which merits, if any apartment can do, the adjective "majestic." As a colour-scheme it is superb in its masterly restraint. The toned mahogany, the dull gold of the ormolu mounts, and the soft, gratifying greens of the carpet, combine in an *ensemble* which is regal without being gorgeous. In the Elizabethan panelled Smoking-room, Messrs. Waring and Gillow have allowed themselves the privilege of certain adaptations and modernisations which result in a bright, attractive, and effectively novel treatment. The Georgian Dining and Sitting-rooms of the "Royal Suite" are full of an old-world charm combined with the modern note of comfort. Two other eighteenth-century English rooms call for notice—the Adams Private Dining-room and the adjoining Music-room. The "Adams" is a favourite style with Waring and Gillow, who invariably invest it with a gracious and delicate refinement. No mere words will do justice to the classic mouldings, the beauty of the applied ornament, or the general sense of chaste elegance in these pretty apartments. To finish with the English styles, it is necessary to say a word about the panelled Jacobean Billiard-room, with a hand-painted frieze—a room whose scheme of decoration, solid yet not heavy, is appropriate to its purpose.

Waring and Gillow have also decorated the French Restaurant in the



THE SITTING-ROOM IN THE "ROYAL SUITE," BY WARING AND GILLOW.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

The case, so widely discussed in the newspapers as I write, where a young lady doctor has apparently disappeared from a London hospital without leaving a trace or clue behind, is one which possesses a peculiar interest for psychologists. In their studies of the human brain, its ways and workings, and also its byways and eccentricities, they are accustomed to be confronted with the problem of mysterious disappearances from one aspect at least. That phase is illustrated by the fact that occasionally the vanishing from their ordinary haunts and homes of certain individuals is due to aberrations of mind, represented in cases of double consciousness, associated as they frequently are with ailments of which one form of epilepsy or another may be taken as an example. The other phase of such disappearances consists in the police side of the question. Not long ago I was conversing with a police officer of long and varied experience. The conversation happened to turn upon human vanishings, when he remarked on the fact that it was more difficult to find traces of a lost person when, like Brer Rabbit, he "laid low" near home or in a big city, than when, by journeying, he was apt to leave tracks behind him.

This one can well understand. People see the man or woman who travels; they do not see the stay-at-home, hidden unit. When I remarked that the newspapers, with their full accounts of such disappearances, must render concealment very difficult, my friend replied: "Not quite so difficult as you think. There are more people than you suppose who do not read any newspapers at all." This last is hard to believe. However, I can imagine a case where a person, wishful to conceal himself or herself, might chance to hit upon a lodging where the landlady was by no means a gossip or curious. But then there are always the dear neighbours who do read papers, and who are sure to remark on "the gentleman or lady at No. 9 who doesn't go out, only at dark." Then comes the chance of detection, for gossip soon circulates. A chance conversation about a quiet stranger held at a public-house bar once sufficed to set a detective agency on the track of a missing man, who was no criminal, but simply a harmless erratic.

Yet another curious, if sad, aspect of such cases is that which demonstrates how many people there are in this world who, lonely and friendless, may disappear without being missed at all. I think I am right in stating that a number of persons who perished in the Tay Bridge disaster of 1879 were never accounted for. They were known, as units, to be included among the passengers of that unfortunate train which was sent headlong into the Tay. The railway-tickets proved as much; but a margin of so many bodies, if unrecovered, was never inquired for, so to speak. I suspect here we deal with a nomadic section of the population—labourers and the like—who shift from one place to another in search of work, and whose personality and movements are no man's concern. They might well disappear from a locality without anybody giving them a thought.

The scientific aspect of disappearing units offers a high fascination to the physiologist and physician alike. "When memory sleeps" we come face to face with a loss of consciousness of who we are and what we do; and when we wake up—it may be months or years afterwards—the intervening life remains a blank period for ever. What causes memory to slumber and makes the knowledge of our personality to vanish away is an open question. Sometimes mental shock will dethrone reason so far, but it must be borne in mind that in such cases there is no insanity represented. The person who masquerades in his "other self" appears perfectly reasonable. He has been known to leave wife, children, and home, to disappear for years; to settle down in a strange city or town, to adopt a fresh occupation, and to conduct himself as a rational citizen. Then comes the awakening, and bit by bit the knowledge of his real self returns. Here there is no question of fleeing from creditors, of leaving domestic troubles behind, or otherwise of escaping from the usual environment. There is no malingering; it is a matter of a simple dimming, for a time, on the surface of the mental slate, of the writing which represents our knowledge of self.

Such cases undoubtedly present us with examples of mysterious disappearances of singular type. I have said they are not uncommon in those who are the subjects of epileptic seizures of special kind. A man suffering from *petit mal*, that minor form of epilepsy, will suddenly stop in the middle of a sentence, lose consciousness for a second or two, and then resume his sentence as if nothing had happened. Here there is a sudden loss of personality, as it were, sharp and temporary. Now extend this condition to make it become more or less lasting, and we can see how some erratic behaviour of brain-cells might very well lead to the development of a second and foreign consciousness, and to the construction of another personality entirely. The assumption of another name, or wandering far afield, the settling down away from home, the quiet, orderly life, are all points which tell in favour of the difficulty of detecting in such subjects traces of the brain-action which has thrown their lives out of gear.

I do not offer any one of these phases by way of explaining the sad circumstances which attend the recent London disappearance. Indeed, one may again say of this case, that it does not appear to be explicable on any ordinary theory. All such cases remain mysteries till one event or another explains the reason of the vanishing. But given a healthy mind, a robust frame, and nothing to cause worry, it is difficult indeed for outsiders to frame any theory but one that will satisfactorily account for the swallowing up of a human identity in the vortex of the unknown.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

H B PLAYER (Sheffield).—Problem No. 3094 was hopelessly wrong, and we can attempt no explanation of its defects.

P H WILLIAMS and A W DANIEL.—Acceptable as usual.

P DALY (Brighton).—We have done as you requested.

R BEE.—Thanks for problems.

R B M (Sheffield).—We will look at the position, and give our decision on the card you enclose.

F B (St. John's Wood).—We are sorry we are unable to inform you, but a letter to the secretary of the club might gain you the information.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3087 received from Henry Percival (Newcastle, New South Wales); of Nos. 3089 and 3091 from S Venkataraman (Madras); the following have sent the Author's Solution of No. 3095, H S Brandreth (Bernese Oberland), A G (Pancsova), G C B, and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3096 from M Hobhouse, Edith Corser (Reigate), C E Perugini, G Bakker (Rotterdam), H J Plumb (Gloucester), G C B, W D Easton (Sunderland), Clement C Danby, A G (Pancsova), George Fisher (Belfast), H S Brandreth, and J W (Campsie).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3097 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), Albert Wolff (Putney), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Trial, R Worters (Canterbury), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), The Tid, F J S (Hampstead), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W P K (Clifton), T Smith (Brighton), Martin F, J W (Campsie), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C E Perugini, F Henderson (Leeds), T Roberts, F Ede (Canterbury), B Cafferata, Charles Burnett, H Le Jeune, Reginald Gordon, Clement C Danby, G C B, H J Plumb (Gloucester), H Johnson (Surrey), Sorrento, Shadforth, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and G Bishop (Liverpool).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3096.—BY SORRENTO.

WHITE.

1. R to K 6th
2. Q takes P (ch)
3. R or B mates.

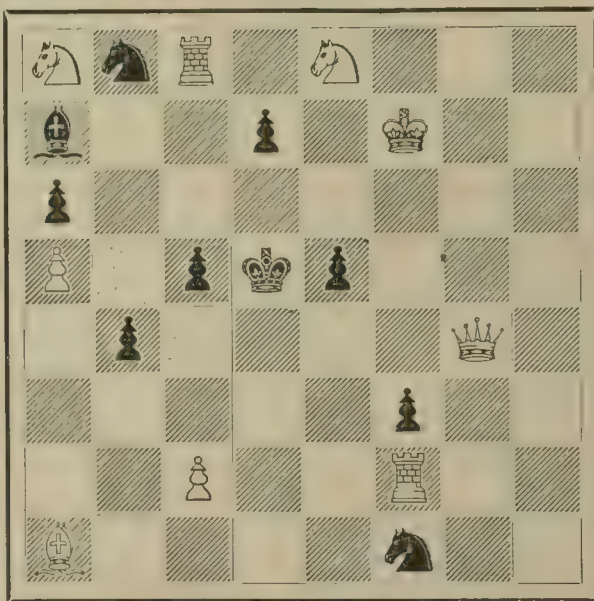
BLACK.

- K to Q 5th
- K takes Q, or moves.

If Black play 1. K to Q 7th, 2. B to K sq (ch); if 1. K takes P, 2. Q takes P (ch); if 1. K to Kt 6th, 2. Q takes P; if 1. P to Q 5th, 2. Q to Kt 2nd; and if 1. R P takes P, then 2. Q takes P at Kt 4th (ch), K takes P; 3. B to Kt 6th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 3099.—BY IRVING CHAPIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. MARSHALL and TEICHMANN.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)

BLACK (Mr. T.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)

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CHESS IN HOLLAND.

Game played between Messrs. LEONHARDT and MEINERS.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)

BLACK (Mr. M.)

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THE DECLINE OF CLARET.

The habitual diner-out and epicure, with whom observation is the gastronomy of the eye, and *recherche* fare the tax paid to his digestion, has for several years been cognisant of a fact which has suddenly forced itself upon the notice of the less observant and the less dainty in the sober garb of Consular statistics. It is the frequent effacement of the claret-jug from the hospitable board of his private friends; it is the almost total disappearance of the familiarly shaped Bordeaux or Burgundy bottle from the dazzling, flower-decorated table of the first-class and even of the second-class restaurants. At the entertainments within his own circle there is instead the almost white-coloured, slender-necked vessel containing Moselle or Hock, flanked by the more stately gold-crowned and greenish-hued champagne-flask; but the wicker cradle with its mud-caked, black, and orthodox receptacle containing the vintage of the Gironde or of Burgundy is too often conspicuously absent.

In the first-class restaurant that precious cradle is a still rarer sight, unless there happen to be gathered around the board a quartet or half-a-dozen men all well within the forties, and absolutely unaccompanied by any fashionable or would-be fashionable Eve. As a rule, the advent of the shallow basket is preceded or followed by an indisputably friendly consultation with the manager, who beams approval, and the party round the table stand revealed to the careful observer as a small knot of the fast-dwindling sect of discerning claret and Burgundy drinkers.

"Fast dwindling" is not an exaggeration. "There is no doubt," wrote a most competent authority a few weeks ago, "that claret is not now in favour in the United Kingdom, and there are many reasons given for this." This competent authority is probably not only an exquisite judge of the grape-juice of the Gironde, but also a keen observer; and if he were not hampered by his official position we should most likely have had from his pen, instead of an exceedingly able report on the subject, a delightful essay on the ousting of claret from the luncheon and dinner table by the plutocratic champagne on the one side, and by the sturdy, practical, not to say somewhat rough-and-ready, whisky-and-soda on the other. The consumption of Bordeaux and Burgundy combined in the United Kingdom amounts to half a gallon per head and per annum of the inhabitants. The importation of the chief usurper, with its golden crown and fancy cravat, is six times as much; while its "impudent understudy, whose sparkle is not even its own," as someone said of whisky, claims a place for one gallon per head.

This growing indifference to claret, which, of course, is most acutely felt, as far as England is concerned, by the owners of the high-classed brands in France, is, in spite of our informant's able summaries, not altogether due to the causes alleged by him. He has spoken the truth, and nothing but the truth; but it would require a permanent residence in England, and especially in London, to grasp the whole truth; and he happens to live away from it. When our grandmothers, and even our mothers, were girls, one glass, and at the most two glasses, of wine was considered a somewhat liberal accompaniment to the dinner. The wine was claret, and the law was almost as strictly observed as that of the Medes and Persians; not only with us, but also in France. The great-grandmother of the present Comte d'Haussonville, who, during the latter part of her existence was nearly blind, but for all that the soul and life of the dinner-table, never drank her wine without having asked her trusty servant behind her how many glasses she had had. "C'est votre deuxième, Madame," was the answer. "Alors, c'est bien, enlevez la bouteille." For wine was not generally decanted.

It was only on very festive occasions that the gold-tipped champagne made its appearance, and rarely, very rarely, did any lady indulge in more than the contents of one of those tapering glasses one seldom sees on the board nowadays. The champagne is, however, there; none too poor—of course, I am writing comparatively—to do it reverence. There are few men among the better classes, and keeping up a certain appearance, who, entertaining a lady guest, would care to omit the offer of champagne. It is not so many years ago that it only came after the second or third course to "please the women." At present it comes immediately after the soup—nay, is placed on the table before it, "because that confoundingly gaudy bottle," as one of my friends said the other day, "looks so jolly," and the "knowingest" as well as the most unsophisticated girl expects it. Even my sisters from the country would be disappointed without it; though if I were to give them cyder instead of the real thing they would be satisfied, for I have my doubts whether they can appreciate the difference, and there are thousands of women like them. They like to see the bottle, and they remind one of the German student who, wishing to give a graphic picture of the jollification of the previous night, wound up with "we nearly drank champagne!" As for the modern man under thirty, he has lost the taste for claret because, except at a few restaurants, it is not to be had at a reasonable price. It is a curious but nevertheless undisputed fact. A man will tear an almost irreparable rent in a six or seven guinea overcoat, and think nothing of it; he will knock a guinea Lincoln and Bennett, and though the damage will cost little for repairing and be imperceptible afterwards, his language will be the reverse of choice. He will give five or six shillings for a pint bottle of champagne, but grudge the same money for a pint of exquisite claret. That is one of the causes of the decline of claret.

The pity of all this is the greater, considering that the English drank the finest claret in the world long before the French knew it by name outside the locality of its growth. The Gascony wine of the time of Eleanor of Aquitaine was nothing but claret, but Bordeaux did not make its appearance at Versailles until the end of the seventeenth century, when Fagon, the only known teetotaler in France, introduced it, a little later than Burgundy, to Louis XIV. Shortly after this, every noble had his vineyard, the names of which have come down to our days.

A. D. V.

Odol is absolutely and scientifically proved to be the Best of all known Preparations for cleansing the Mouth and Teeth.

When Shakspeare made Puck declare he would "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes" he clearly foreshadowed the electric telegraph, which speeds on its way like the lightning to which it is akin. With but a little stretch of the imagination he may also be said to have foreshadowed the fame of such a preparation as Odol, for its reputation, carried from mouth to mouth, which was the earliest form of telegraph, has spread over the whole world. Indeed, there is not a civilised country in which Odol is not known as the greatest preparation for the teeth and mouth in the world, while travellers are taking it into regions to which the term civilised will not be able to be applied for many a long year. The millions of bottles of Odol which are sold every year would indeed, if placed end to end, put many girdles "round about the earth," an irrefragable proof of the universality of its use, as it is of the favour with which it has been received. These two facts, indeed, speak louder than anything else of the excellence of the preparation, which can only be compared to itself, for it has no parallel. The reason for this is the obvious one that it does exactly what it claims to do—it makes the teeth white, bright, and clean, and this in the most delightful way possible, for the delicacy of its flavour is unsurpassed, and everyone likes it



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LADIES' PAGES.

It is reported on good authority from St. Petersburg that the Czar is contemplating the issue of an edict which would make his own daughters, failing the birth of a son, take the position of the next heirs to the Russian throne, according to the order of their age. The reigning Czar has always been held under Russian law to have the right of regulating the succession to the Crown as though it were his personal property. It is by virtue of this alone that women have ever been considered excluded from the direct line of the succession. That they should be so results from nothing more authoritative or stable than a decree issued by the mad Emperor Paul, the unworthy and jealous son and successor of Catherine the Great. He was on the throne less than four years; he was then assassinated, after exhausting the patience of the people by reverting to the barbarous ancient laws and tyrannical practices which the Empress Catherine had repealed or abandoned during her thirty years' reign. Although Paul was so unfit to make any new departures in the government of his country worthy of being upheld by his successors, that particular edict barring the women of his line from their place in the succession was left unaltered, and has remained untouched till the present time, because there has been no break during the intervening century in the direct line of the male succession. But now, for the first time, if Paul's edict remains unchanged (and always supposing, of course, that the Czar should not yet have a son), the crown would pass from the direct line of the children of the Sovereign to another branch of the family.

Paul's edict did not state that no woman should ever sit upon the Russian throne again, but simply that a daughter of his House should not inherit the crown save when there remained no male representative of the family in any branch. This edict, while unrepealed, places before the daughters of Nicholas II. not only his own brother, who is consumptive and unmarried, but also his four uncles and their sons and a score or two of male second and third cousins; but the Czar can at any moment, by the simple and summary method of signing an edict of his own, ordain that the crown shall descend to his own daughters and their descendants in order, in priority to his more distant male relatives. His Imperial Majesty is reported to have said in conversation that he intends to have his daughters systematically instructed in politics and current affairs, so that they may take an intelligent interest in the welfare of the country. "When I reflect," suggestively added his Majesty, "on the names of such great rulers of different nations as Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth and Victoria of England, Isabella of Spain, and Maria Theresa of Austria, I think that there may be also great Empresses in the future."



A SMART AUTUMN TOILETTE.

Most people have heard of the great endowment given to an American University by a millionaire newspaper proprietor, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, to found a training-college for journalists. The telegram which gave the news of this endowment, and stated that the sum to be put down was £400,000, did not give the additional information whether the new school was to be open to women as well as to men. I have just received private information that there is to be no discrimination of sex in the matter. It was almost certain that women would be admitted on equal terms with men, as that is the general rule nowadays in such matters in the United States. The tendency there is to give women a fair field. This spirit of justice has not yet extended so far, indeed, as to ensure that they shall receive equal pay for equal work. On the contrary, the women teachers in the State schools, for instance (as is also the case in our own elementary schools), are paid only about two-thirds of the sum which men teachers receive; the discrepancy in this case is even more glaring on the other side of the water than here, inasmuch as the primary schools in America are three-fourths of them mixed, so that the men and women teachers alike teach classes consisting of boys and girls together. But, as regards general opportunities, American women are treated much more fairly than those of any other country. Thus it might have been foreseen, as it proves to be the fact, that Mr. Pulitzer's generous gift will be available for budding lady journalists as well as for men. Whether journalism can be taught, and what will be the practical value of the school, is, of course, another matter, and one that remains to be proved by experience.

Certainly they try all manner of social experiments in the great United States, and many of them are very interesting, and mostly successful. One small but far from unimportant matter was brought before the Conference of Librarians sitting at Leeds last week. The question was as to the connection between public libraries and the education of children. Mrs. S. C. Fairchild, director of the State Library at Albany, the capital town of New York State, told the conference that the children's reading-halls in America have been made so attractive that boys and girls go there as readily as to the playground. This success was the result to a great extent of the employment of women librarians, who were frequently married and fond of both children and literature. They give occasional literary talks or lectures, the children being allowed to group themselves informally around the room and not required to sit upright and be uncomfortable. While in America I saw these children's rooms in several libraries, and particularly inspected the one at Orange, New Jersey. An inscription stated that the building and furnishings were the gift of a gentleman in memory of his son, who died while a youth. There was a rather low table surrounded by correspondingly low chairs, and the books, classified

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according to subjects, stood about on the shelves unguarded, except by the librarian's eye, while the table was covered with popular magazines. Boys and girls came in and took the books from the shelves to choose for themselves, sitting down to read as long as they wished, or going off with the volume in exchange for their ticket. The library included all sorts of popular scientific works and elementary treatises, travels, histories, and such fiction as that of Scott, Dumas, Jules Verne, Ereckmann-Chartrian, Dickens, and American writers. There could be no doubt as to the home-like feeling and the inducement to read offered to children by the existence of this special room. Another idea has been carried out this summer at the New York Chautauqua—one of the great summer gatherings combining educational opportunities and all sorts of amusement which are now popular throughout the States. A little village has been formed called "Martha City" where successive parties of children, under the leadership of a teacher learned in anthropology, have imitated the life of the race, passing in a series of successive days from the time of the cave-dwellers, through the formation of tribes, and then of villages and of states, learning by the way the laws of exchange and barter, the use of money, the problems of government, and receiving much other education in the neglected but important subject of social economy—all in the guise of a game.

There is a great fancy at present for everything that is old. Many people must be regretting the antique ornaments and odds-and-ends which they have allowed to be thrown away or played with by the children. The tiny fans that are used at present are exactly the same as those of a century ago: gauze or chicken-skin daintily painted and brightened with spangles. The old-fashioned

earrings, long enough almost to touch the shoulder, have many of them been broken up to make other ornaments or exchanged for up-to-date trinkets of little value; but anybody who has a well-shaped pair of antique earrings can utilise them now by making them adorn the loose ends of a long chain. Antique pendants of every sort are the height of fashion; they are worn upon slender chains so as to rest upon the bosom. In short, with a little ingenuity, anything really

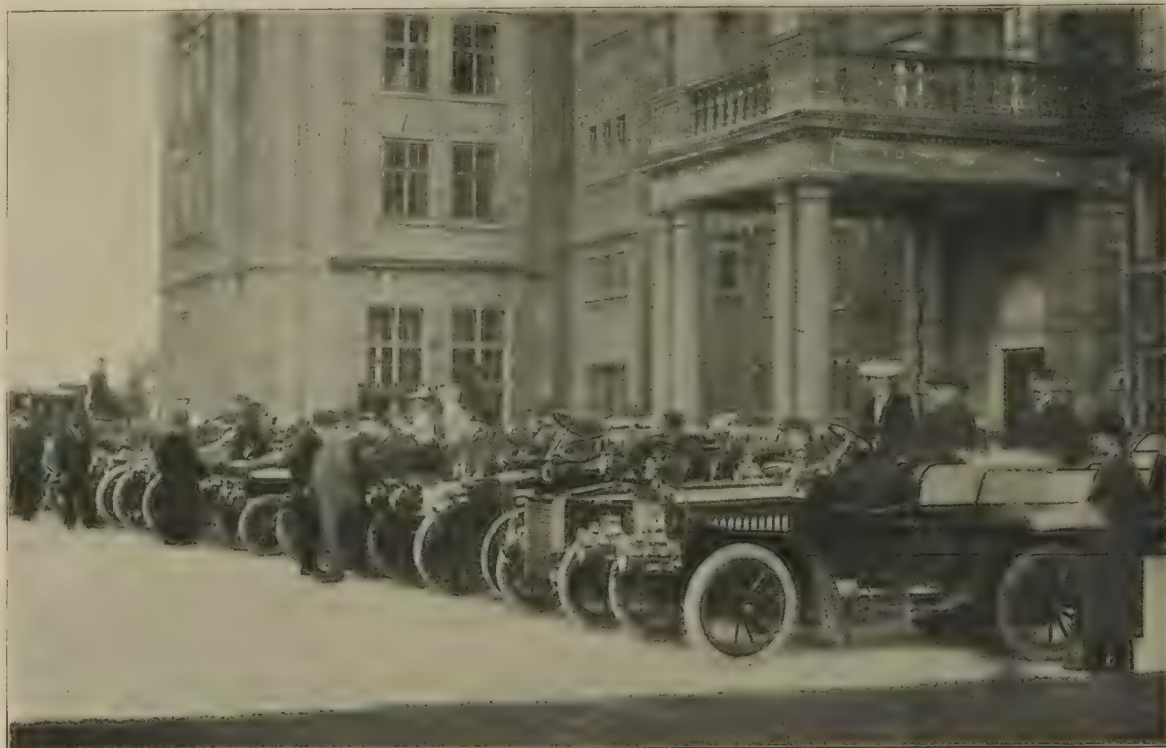
odds-and-ends of embroidery come in very usefully for decorating the big collars of the hour.

As the hats of autumn make their appearance, considerable variety of choice is apparent amidst them. The principal novelty so far visible is the tall jampot crown. A few advance models of this kind came to us in the spring, but the flat *chapeaux* carried the day. Now, however, a large number of the smart felt hats

are thus constructed. The brims are somewhat wide and to be worn well over the face in front, but they are generally lifted on the left side with a bow of ribbon and a buckle, or an ostrich tip, or a whole bird placed against the brim above the ear. The round *toilet* shape, somewhat wider in the brim than formerly, is also coming largely; while many flat hats trimmed low after the fashion of those of the summer are also seeking favour. The *chic* Marquis hat continues to have a measure of popularity, and is trimmed with velvet ribbon or fancy galon, while ostrich feathers fall over the back of all sorts of hats resting on the hair.

Probably there is no one point about the appearance of more importance to beauty than a set of gleaming white teeth. Innumerable testimonials bear witness to the merits of Odol in securing this most desirable end. The decay of the teeth, which is so injurious to the digestion, as well as to the appearance, is known to be due, like most other possible physical misfortunes, to the ravages of the ubiquitous microbe. Important experiments have been made by scientific men of high authority concerning the germ-destroying properties of various dentifrices, and they find that Odol surpasses all others in the rapidity and certainty with which it purifies the mouth. It is made with a pleasant flavour of two kinds—strong, specially liked by smokers and gentlemen generally; and rose-flavoured, which is usually liked by ladies.

FILOMENA.



THE MIDLAND AUTOMOBILE CLUBS' COMBINED RUN TO BUXTON.

The members of the Midland Automobile Clubs of Nottingham, Manchester, Leicester, Lincoln, and Sheffield recently took part in a most successful amalgamated run to Buxton. No less than forty cars assembled at the place of rendezvous, the well-known Empire Hotel, the proprietors of which have provided for the requirements of automobilists by erecting a most commodious garage with examining pit. There is a mechanic in attendance, for the convenience of motorists patronising the hotel, which is the Automobile Club's Headquarters in Buxton. Many handsome cars were present at the "meet," and particular interest was shown in the 60 h.p. "Mercedes" owned by Mr. Gerald Higginbottom, of Southport, which accomplished last week the feat of mounting the Great Orme at Llandudno.

old (not, of course, the things that were to the fore five-and-twenty years ago, but those dating back to at least one's great-grandmother's days) can now be turned to account. Little pieces of lace and

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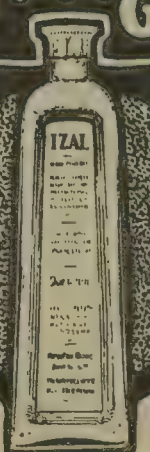
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ART NOTES.

An exhibition of the works of George Wilson will be opened next week by Mr. John Baillie at The Gallery, Prince's Square, W. Wilson is accorded a place in Mr. Percy Bate's book about "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters: Their Associates and Successors"—a comprehensive title necessary to the inclusion of Wilson, who was not actually a member of the Brotherhood. Born in Banffshire in 1848, he came to London and to Heatherley's studio when he was eighteen. Later, the Royal Academy Schools received him, and he went thence to the Slade Schools, where he passed under the influence of Sir Edward Poynter.

But his real encouragement and inspiration came to him from the works of the Pre-Raphaelites. His allegoric figures of "Asia" (from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound") and of "Alastor" have a Rossetti fervour in their conception and in their handling. Rossetti was himself a painter and poet. Wilson, no poet, so far as we know, took Shelley and Keats into partnership in the production of his most enduring works. His early death at the age of twenty-two prevented the completion of his large design in illustration of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." "The Song of the Nightingale" shows us the figure of a listening woman, the singing bird, and the background of land and sea, with "the light that never was"—except in dreams of painters and of poets. This ethereal quality in Wilson's landscapes gives them something that is wanting in the landscapes of Walker, with which otherwise they are allied.

The Copley Club in Boston is to have an exhibition of Whistler's pictures, supposing the owners of his works are willing to let them traverse sea and land for the purpose. The artist did not share Rossetti's dislike of exhibitions on principle; although, as was his wont, a wrangle generally ended his own association with any given gallery or dealer. The possessors of his pictures—

Mr. Studd with the "White Girl," Mr. Davis with "At the Piano," the Glasgow Gallery with his "Carlyle"—may, however, be disinclined to let their examples of "the Master" go to Boston, just as the American possessors of his "Sarasate" and his "Rosa Corder" portraits may be unwilling to send them into England. If the distressing theory is to be maintained that Whistler's friends should not allow his works to be exhibited in a country which did not buy him for the Tate Gallery or elect him to its Academy, we know not why the other side of the Atlantic should be accorded an opportunity denied to this. Certainly Whistler's own estimate of the artistic taste of America did not, in his daily talk, differ from his estimate of the public taste of England.

The bad luck which in life attended Mr. Whistler in his pose as a victim of the Academy attends him still. His first picture exhibited in England was bought by one Academician; and now the club that bears the name of another Academician—Copley—is the first to pay him important posthumous honours.

An exhibition of the late Mr. Phil May's drawings is to be held in the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. A series of portraits of eminent politicians which were completed shortly before the artist's death will be put upon view, also a good many unpublished sketches, some of them in colour.

An appeal, which reminds us that Mr. Phil May was not a man of business with a turn for domestic economy, has been put forth by Sir Frank Burnand and other friends on behalf of the artist's widow.

The Rudge-Whitworth Cycle Company, Limited, have received the royal warrant of appointment as cycle-makers to his Majesty the King.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1896) of Mr. James Abbott McNeill Whistler, of 74, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, who died on July 17, has been proved by Miss Rosalind Birnie Philip, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £10,602 16s. The testator gave his wife's entire collection of garnets rare and beautiful, together with sprays, pendants, etc., of the same style of work or setting in white stones, brilliant, or old paste, and their collections of beautiful old silver and plate and china, to the Louvre. The residue of his property he left to his wife's sister and his ward, Rosalind Birnie Philip, she thereout to allow Edward Godwin, his wife's son, during his training as a sculptor, one fifth of the income thereof until he attains twenty-three years of age. By a codicil of May 7, 1903, Mr. Whistler revoked the bequest of such collections to the Louvre, and gave them to Miss Philip.

The will (dated July 6, 1899), with a codicil (dated July 5, 1903), of Mr. Edward Lewis Raphael, of 4, Connaught Place, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 15, was proved on Sept. 7 by Louis Edward Raphael, the son, Frederick David Sassoon, the son-in-law, and William George Raphael and Ernest George Raphael, the nephews, the value of the estate amounting to £1,127,723. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his executors, in trust, for such societies, institutions, and charities as he should indicate by any list attached to his will, and, in default thereof, then for such societies and charities as they may determine; £1000 to his nephew Walter John Raphael; £2000 each to his nephews William George Raphael and Ernest George Raphael; £250 each to his other nephews and nieces; £5000 to his son-in-law Frederick David Sassoon; and £350,000, or one third of the capital value of his estate should it be less, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Jeannette Sassoon. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated April 26, 1898), with a codicil (dated Dec. 29 following), of Mr. Duncan Matheson, of

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—Amateur Photographer, Sept. 10.

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Article in "Food and Cookery," August 1903, edited by C. Herman Senn.

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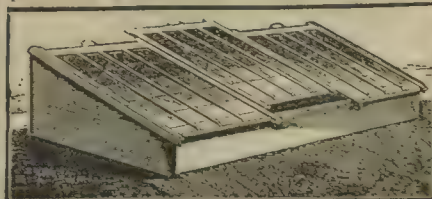
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Manchester and Woodend, Altrincham, Chester, who died on July 28, was proved on Sept. 7 by Mrs. Susan Alice Paddock, the daughter, and Angus Alexander Gregorie Tulloch, and John George Clarges Parsons, the executors, the value of the estate being £116,511. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his grandchildren Harold Lionel and Duncan, the sons of his deceased son Alexander Duncan; £5000 to St. Mary's Hospital (Manchester); £500 and the household effects to his daughter; and £50 to John George Clarges Parsons. The residue of his property he leaves, on various trusts, for his daughter.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1884), with a codicil (dated Jan. 1, 1898), of Mr. William Smoult Playfair, M.D., LL.D., of West Green Manor, Winchfield, and formerly of 38, Grosvenor Street, W., who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Sept. 9 by Mrs. Emily Playfair, the widow, the value of the estate, so far as can at present be ascertained, amounting to £46,262. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the household furniture, etc., to his wife, and subject thereto he leaves all his property, in trust, for her for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children or remoter issue.

The will (dated April 15, 1902) of Mr. George Coupland, of Hemswell Cliff, Lincoln, who died on May 27, was proved on Aug. 31 by Mrs. Florence Marian Coupland, the widow, Lancelot Crooke Iveson, and

Harry Arbuthnot Spencer, the executors, the value of the estate being £70,696. The testator gives the income for life from £4000 to his sister, Mary Elizabeth Dewhirst; £500 to William Piggott Smith; and £6000, the household furniture, and during her widowhood the income from the residue of his property to his wife. Subject thereto, and in default of children, he leaves the ultimate residue for the establishment and maintenance of a hospital, to be called the John Coupland Hospital, at Gainsborough.

The will (dated July 14, 1900) of Miss Charlotte Agneta Cocks, of The Glade, Great Marlow, who died on Aug. 13, has been proved by Edward Lygon Somers Cocks, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £45,900. The testatrix gives £5500 to her niece Ethel Mildred Susan Cocks; £5000 each to her nephews Thomas Somers Vernon Cocks and Alfred Heneage Cocks; £6500 to her niece Mary Katherine Somers Cocks; £8000 to her nephew Arthur Reginald Carew Cocks; £1000 to her niece Honoria Charlotte Somers Cocks; £2000 to her niece Josephine Una Cocks; £100 each to Henrietta Maria Cocks and Agneta Henrietta Cocks; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to Edward Lygon Somers Cocks.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1901), with three codicils (dated Feb. 5 and 27, 1902, and Feb. 6, 1903), of Sir

Peter Henry Edlin, K.C., of 64, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, late Chairman of the London County Sessions, who died on July 17, was proved on Sept. 8 by Richard Loveland Loveland, K.C., and Alfred James Emberson, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,220. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his granddaughters Gladys and Phyllis, the daughters of his deceased son Herbert; £600 to, and £5000 in trust for, each of his daughters Sophia Florence and Evelyn Mildred; £100 to his former clerk, James Wilson; £300 to Alfred James Emberson; and the residue of his estate and effects to his grandsons Bruce and Hastings Beal.

Dr. Campbell Morgan, who is spending the autumn in England, will deliver a series of special addresses to young men in Exeter Hall, and will also give a course of afternoon Bible readings. Dr. Morgan has a long list of engagements lasting till Oct. 31, when he sails for America.

From Oct. 1 the service to Dresden and Vienna by the Harwich-Hook of Holland route will be greatly accelerated. Passengers leaving London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. will be due to arrive at Dresden 10.4 p.m. the next day, instead of 12.55 p.m.; and at Vienna (via Dresden) 7.35 a.m., the second day after departure, instead of 2.40 p.m.

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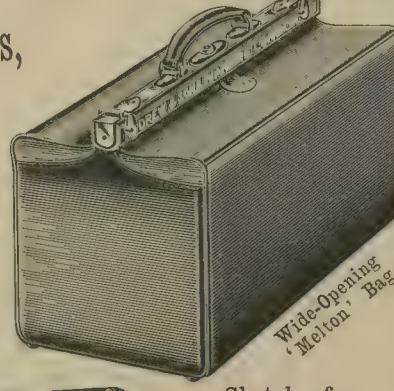
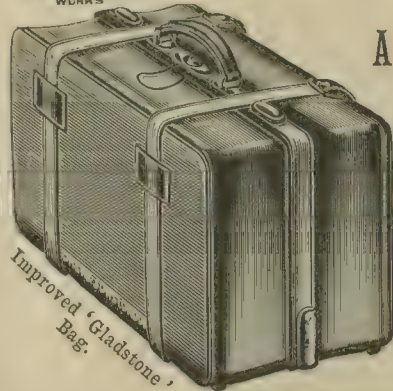
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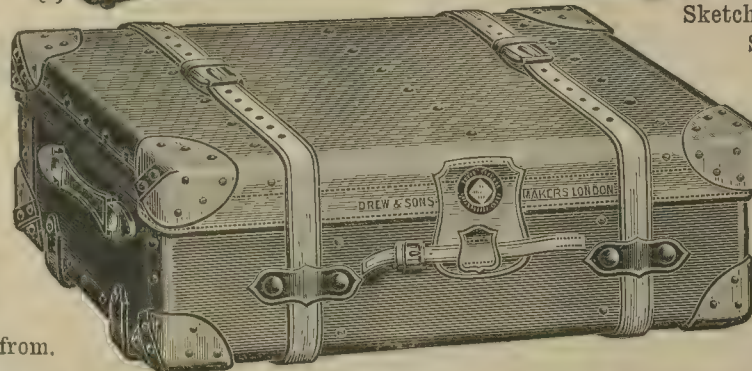
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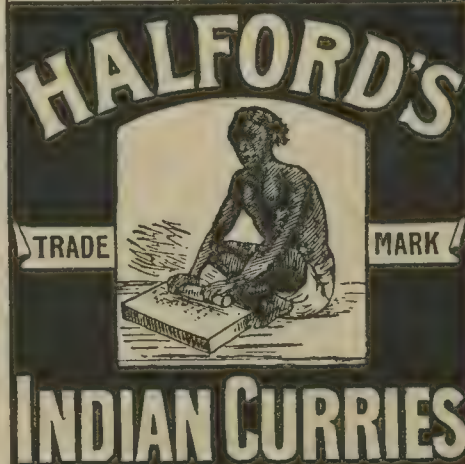
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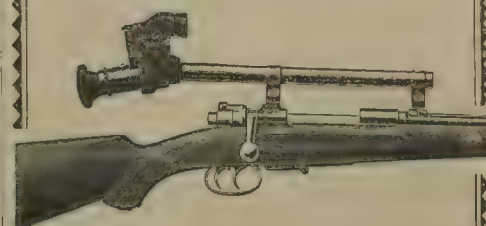


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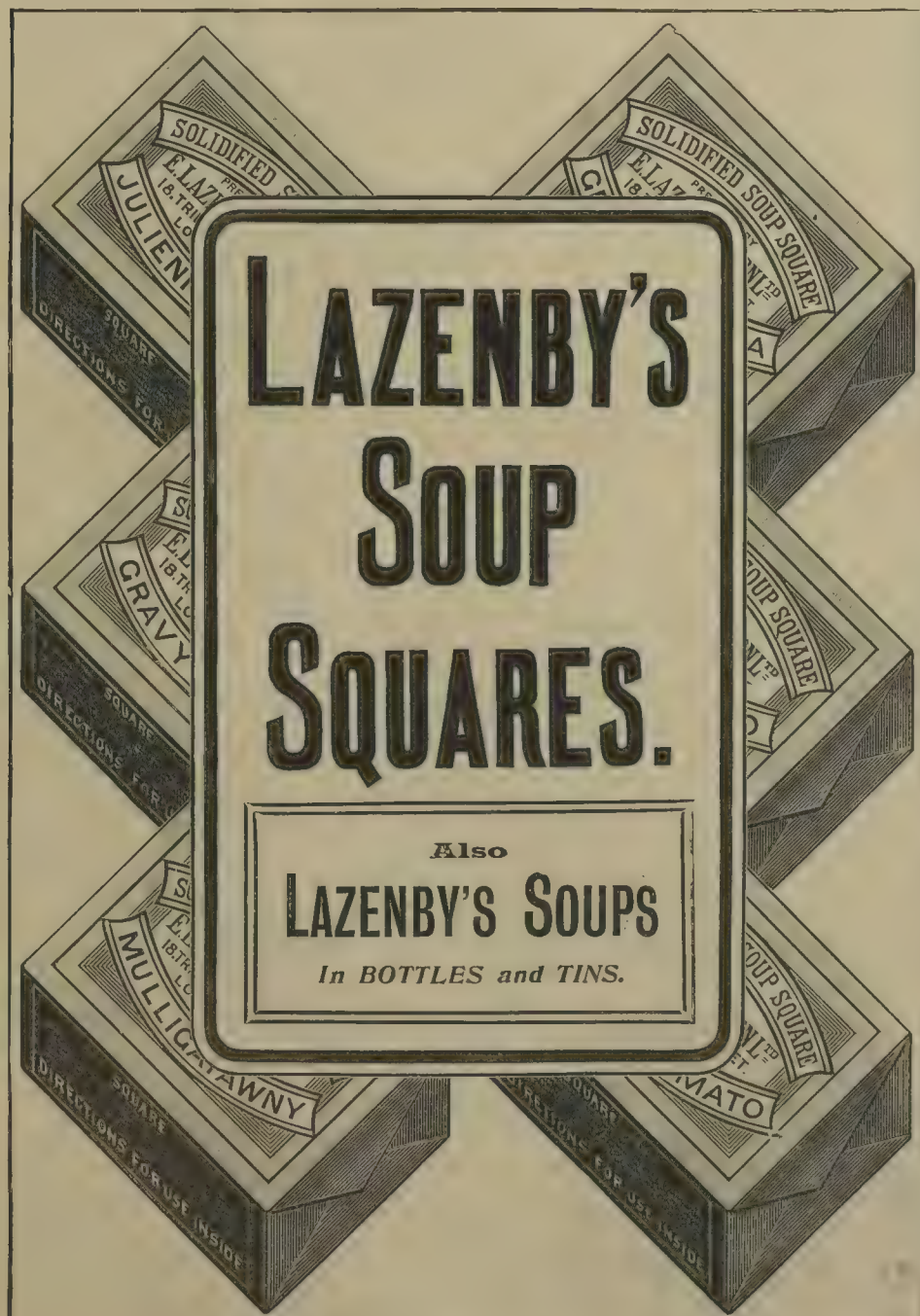
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Lambeth Palace is in the hands of the builders at present, owing to decay which has overtaken portions of the tower and other parts of the western wing of the building. The work of restoration will occupy some weeks. The brickwork and stone coping of the tower and battlements were in a dangerous condition, the decay, it is said, having been caused by the presence of chemicals in the air.

Dean Barlow is making a good recovery from his recent serious accident. His face, hands, and arms were injured by a fall while superintending the arrangements in Peterborough Cathedral for the unveiling of a soldiers' memorial window. The Bishop of Leicester and the verger helped Dean Barlow to his house, and from the first he has made steady progress, and expects to be soon in full work again. His accident prevented him from visiting Southport, where he had promised to preach during the meetings of the British Association.

Visitors to Mundesley, one of the most bracing sea-side resorts in Norfolk, have been interested in watching the restoration of the old parish church. For years past the Rector and congregation have suffered extreme discomfort in their fourteenth-century building, which stands on the site of a yet older church dating from the time of

Edward the Confessor. The restoration has been carried out at a cost of £2000, and the Bishop of Norwich recently conducted a re-dedication service.

The late Bishop Webber was the first Anglican Bishop to find a grave in Queensland. Letters from Australia describe his funeral at St. John's Cathedral. Archdeacon David conducted the service, and in spite of wind and rain there was a large attendance of clergy and laity. The funeral took place at the Toowong Cemetery, and the arrangements were, in accordance with the late Bishop's wishes, of the simplest character. Flags in the city were at half-mast, and the church bells tolled at intervals through the day.

The Rev. Ernest R. Ford, the new Vicar of Shore-ditch, has been for ten years Principal of the Church Workers' Training College in Stepney. He is a moderate Churchman, and is expected to make an admirable successor to the Rev. W. Bryant Salmon, who succeeds Prebendary Shelford at Stoke Newington.

Bishop Gore, who never takes a very long holiday, has had an unusual number of September engagements. One of the latest was the consecration of the new church at Cotteridge, near Birmingham. In the course of his sermon Dr. Gore touched on the right attitude for prayer. He said he hoped that in that church they

would always kneel, and not adopt the attitude of leaning forward to look as if they were kneeling. Such an attitude was full of hypocrisy, though such was not intended. Kneeling was not the only attitude for prayer. For many centuries people prayed standing up as well as kneeling down, and he regarded it as a loss that the habit of standing for prayer had been discontinued. Some of those Highland congregations in which the old practice of standing still remains may be interested to know that it has the approval of so learned a Bishop.

The Rev. R. Hay-Shornthwaite, Vicar of Cleator Moor, has suggested a new reason for the growing impression that the Church of England is proceeding on the road to Rome. "Is it not," he says in a letter to the *Record*, "one of the chief reasons why the Church of England is so unjustly and yet so generally blamed as being corrupted by the introduction of Romish teaching and practices, that the black gown has ceased to be worn in the pulpit in so many churches?" He claims that the black gown is the only legal vestment of the preacher, and thinks that many Evangelical clergy have abandoned its use simply from carelessness, and to avoid the trouble of changing their vestments when Divine worship has ended, and the preaching of the Word of God begins.

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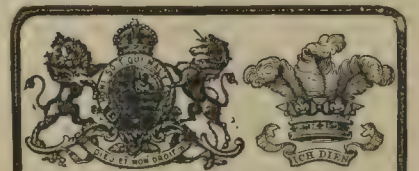
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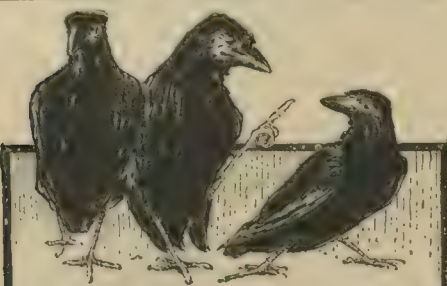
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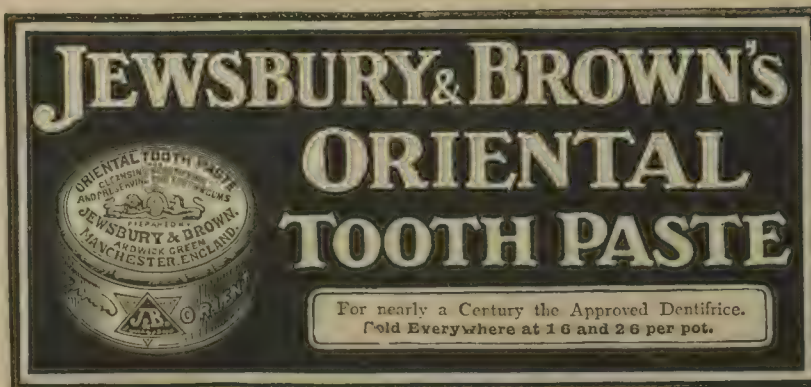
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"My strength left me, I became depressed, and lost all interest in everything. So dreadfully low did I get that I could hardly move about, and I felt as if I should like to go to bed and not get up again. My mother said it was dreadful to see me so ill, and gave me some of the Bile Beans, so I determined to give them a fair trial. Although only a short time has elapsed since I began to take them, my weakness and depression are gone, and my strength has returned. Bile Beans are certainly a wonderful medicine."

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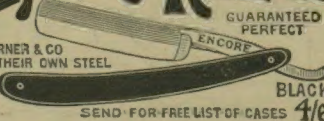
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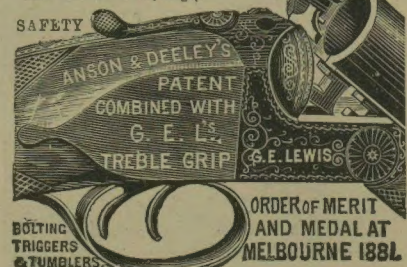
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